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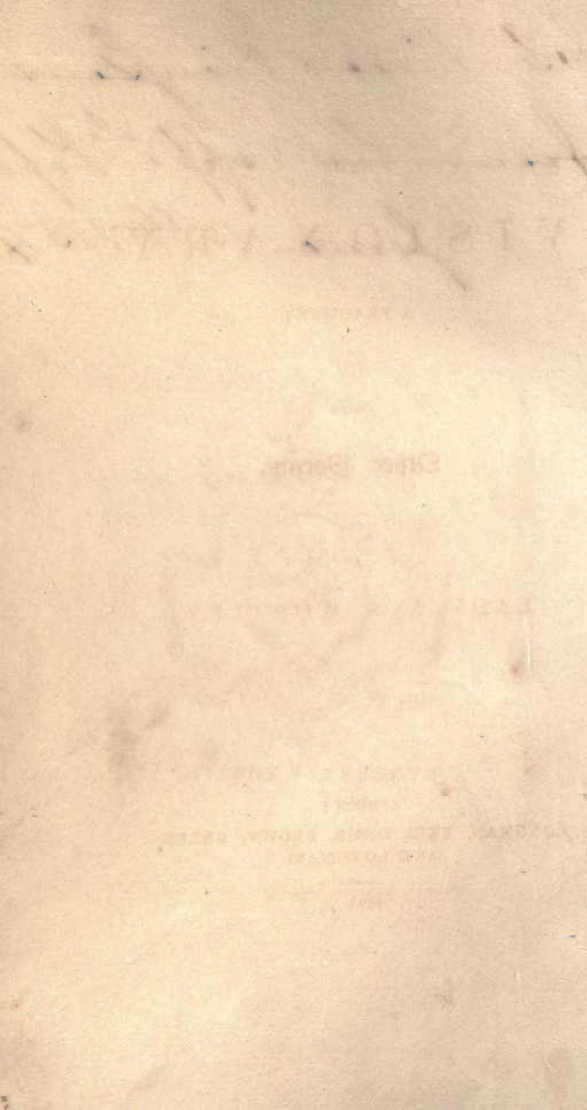
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Richard Allen

Josephine Vieuxfont  
from her affec<sup>ate</sup> Papa  
June 15<sup>th</sup> 1854



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THE  
VISIONARY;

A FRAGMENT.

WITH

Other Poems.

BY

LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN,  
AND LONGMAN.

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1836.

THE

# VISIONARY

A TRIBUTE

LONDON:

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AND LONGMAN,

1851

TO  
HIS GRACE  
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,  
&c. &c. &c.

TO WHOM  
THE FOLLOWING PAGES  
ARE INSCRIBED.

---

Mightiest 'mongst Earth's most mighty Chiefs—forgive  
If thy proud name be uttered midst these lays,  
That name made glorious in a thousand ways!  
That name which through all Time must brightly live—  
Though he, all others should of Fame bereave!  
It is thy Doom, who shinest amidst the blaze  
Of dazzling Deeds—to pay that tax which pays  
Earthly supremacy!—even to receive  
Tributes from all—and Homage without bound—  
Aye! offerings from the unworthiest hands full oft—  
Thou that art meetly with all honours crowned!—  
Whose place is with the Immortal Great aloft—  
Yet canst thou—more than thy Compeers renowned!—  
Forgive *this* Lyre's poor praise, and weak, faint numbers  
soft?



### ERRATA.

- Page 22, line 12, for *ye Commonwealth*, read *proud Commonwealth*  
— 31, line 3, for *dress* read *dross*.  
— 97, line 13, for *wild weed-growths*, read *wild-weed growths*.  
— 176, line 3, for *appear*, read *appears*.  
— 205, line 8, for *it*, read *them*.  
— 207, line 10, for *those*, read *these*.  
— 208, line 11, for *Peace*, read *Peace'*.

Of strife and trouble—happier far alone,  
When thought doth take a more melodious tone,  
And outward things assume a lovelier guise,  
And more delightful grows the wind's low moan,  
And Earth seems nearer to the blessed skies,  
And they stand breathless, mute, as fixed in sweet  
surprise !





# THE VISIONARY:

## A Fragment.

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### I.

In this cold hollow World how many live  
In a dream-wrought Creation of their own,  
And slight attention to its vexed scenes give  
Of strife and trouble—happier far alone,  
When thought doth take a more melodious tone,  
And outward things assume a lovelier guise,  
And more delightful grows the wind's low moan,  
And Earth seems nearer to the blessed skies,  
And they stand breathless, mute, as fixed in sweet  
surprise !

### B

## II.

Oh! the triumphal morning comes to such,  
For ever beautiful—for ever new,  
Dull worldly Care's benumbing cankering touch,  
Hath nothing with their waking hours to do;  
They hear the birds' sweet matins—and they view  
Light's dawning glory—and no rankling thorn  
To pain converts their pleasure, pure and true—  
While thou, resplendent and rejoicing Morn,  
Art in a thousand ways—a thousand shapes new-born!

## III.

Or when on luminous occupation bent,  
The thrilling stars make night a glorious scene,  
Like proud ambassadors from Heaven's court sent,  
That speak to man in language most serene;  
When wondrous Nature doth a holier mien  
Assume—and Thought, on strong wings passes on  
To that which shall be, even from what hath been—  
And Contemplation pure, and deep and lone,  
Seeks Worlds more blest, more bright, round the  
Creator's throne.

## IV.

They 're tranced and rocked then, on Night's mighty heart,  
And thence drink Inspiration—they are led  
By their own yearning thoughts to stray apart,  
And lonely paths they brightly musing tread—  
So deep grows their delight, it pants like dread.  
But *they* grow ever stronger to sustain,  
And revel in the gladness o'er them shed,  
Even though it almost quickens into pain ;  
And they would feel it still, again and oft again !

## V.

They hear a mighty music deep and clear,  
Where busy careful worldlings can hear nought ;  
Oh ! many a blessed thing they see and hear  
With truth and love, and power and feeling fraught,  
Because to Nature's altar they have brought  
A watchful spirit, and a quick sense borne,  
Most willing to be led, and to be taught—  
And farthest from their thoughts are doubt and scorn ;  
Thus doubly blessed to them, come night and joyous  
morn !

## VI.

Am I of such?—a something I may claim  
Of fellowship with them—yet woe is me—  
• Not altogether can I be the same,  
Though if I *could* how gladly *would* I be!  
But though I am as fervent and as free—  
Too much of an impatient restlessness;  
Nay, oft an aimless dim anxiety  
Blends with my happier feelings—to oppress—  
To o'erpower them oft, when *they* should most delight  
and bless!

## VII.

Yet partly I *do* claim with those to feel;  
Mine is the prescient sense, the passionate dream,  
The ecstatic thrill that through the frame doth steal,  
Mixed with a glow that we might almost deem  
Was breathed in with a noon-sun's molten beam!  
So warmly through the soul it seems to spread,  
Till rosy runs life's smoothly flowing stream;  
As though by highest, heavenliest springs 't was fed,  
As though undimmed 't was poured from life's great  
fountain head!

## VIII.

Mine is the passion, and at times the power,  
And in a world of dreams I oft-times stray ;  
My path is strewed with many an amaranth flower,  
For me ambrosial fruits load branch and spray ;  
I go rejoicing on my haunted way,  
And still to Nature lend an earnest ear,  
For all is pure, all true, that she doth say ;  
She draws all love, she banishes all fear,  
'T is well to cling to her, nearer and yet more near.

## IX.

Hark—Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! saith the Morn,  
With all her tones of music and of might,  
And dare the sluggard sleep, the scoffer scorn,  
While she so sweetly, brightly doth invite ?—  
Dare they that high and happy summons slight,  
To vigilant ears so palpable and plain ?  
They lose they know not what of rare delight,  
For Morn, emparadising Morn—doth reign ;  
And splendours, witcheries, joys, shine in her shining  
train.

## X.

Hark—Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! saith the Morn,  
And Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! doth reply  
The awful Night, whom countless worlds adorn  
That take up that dread chorus through the sky,  
While all is power and love and harmony ;  
And blest with noblest bliss—how truly blessed !  
Are those who with Devotion's rapturous sigh,  
Join in the solemn strain with tranquil breast ;  
Proud to confess the zeal — saints, angels have  
confessed !

## XI.

List !—Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! saith the Morn,  
Hark ! 'tis the lark's song ! free and far he skims  
Her paths of flame—on rapid pinions borne,  
Till distance dwindles that slight form, and dims—  
His song divine is like the Seraphims'—  
A strain that 's not of knowledge, but of love !  
And O ! his joyous and exuberant hymns  
The bosom meltingly and sweetly move  
To join him in his rites, his tuneful rites above !



## XII.

Those glad hymns many a heart shall more dispose  
To pious thoughts than thousand homilies;  
Who, all against them can his bosom close,  
What time resound their exquisite harmonies?  
Unconsciously we lift adoring eyes—  
Unconsciously with kindred fires we glow—  
We breathe our souls in prayer unto the skies,  
Almost forgetful of the world below,  
At least forgetful all, of its vile cares and woe!

## XIII.

How oft when Night's great reign was spread o'er all  
In Youth's glad dawn of life, entranced I stood;  
Nor could its gloom, its loneliness appal,  
But bright emotions in a glowing flood  
Shook my soul's depths—O! 'twas a rapturous  
mood—  
I gazed on those blest worlds so proud, so fair,  
And banquetted on that ambrosial food,  
Which young Imagination doth prepare  
For her fond votaries true, who her sweet fetters wear.

## XIV.

I sphered and I unsphered my thoughts in joy,  
Nor from th' enchanted cup one drop did spill—  
My proud enjoyment then had no alloy—  
I sphered and I unsphered my thoughts at will,  
Now to some dazzling world as to fulfil  
Most glorious destinies—I, dreaming, passed;  
Now in some soft, mild planet, calm and still  
Awhile remained—then journeying far and fast,  
Back to my native earth, returned in peace at last!

## XV.

I sphered and I unsphered my thoughts in joy—  
Now Fancy bore me in her volant car—  
(Ah! pleasure, too unlike earth's bliss to cloy),  
To some particular and selected star;  
The loveliest among those which loveliest are,  
A sun 'midst suns, where triumphed beings bright  
As their most dazzling home; where nought could mar,  
Nor mock my bliss—where nought could blunt, nor  
blight  
My ecstasies divine that gathered still fresh might!

## XVI.

Methought to my charmed eyes were then laid bare,  
All, all the secret principles of things —  
And I beheld, unshrinking, then and there—  
The finest workings of their farthest springs;  
The veil which nature o'er her mystery flings  
Withdrawn, appeared to leave unchecked my glance,  
Assuaging, for awhile, the goading stings  
Of sleepless Curiosity—in trance  
Sublime—while she forbore, to cry “On ! On ! advance !”

## XVII.

I sphered and I unsphered my thoughts at will—  
None that ne'er felt, ere dreamt of such delight !  
The soul mounts Nature like a throne ; and still  
Feels proud increase of joy and strength and might ;  
Still communing with the heavens, the winds, the  
night,  
The world of worlds that lies spread proudly round,  
While thus she bursts away on her far flight ;  
While thus she soars where is no bar nor bound,  
And leaves fear, trouble, care, on their own earthly  
ground !

## XVIII.

But 'twas Imagination's doing all !

Yet, though not truth, it looked as bright and clear !  
And though in fact still frowned the encircling wall,  
Spread thick the impervious veil—that dream was dear !

'Twas a foretaste of that which must be near,  
When earth's poor span and bounded field 's resigned,  
When Truth, for the first time, shall full appear—  
No more with error witheringly entwined,  
For that on earth 'twas so ; then shall the sagest find !

## XIX.

Imagination ! thou 'rt for ever known

Youth's fairest of possessions, and belongs  
To thee the wand ! to thee belong the throne,  
The victory and the feast ! thy pæan songs  
(Which if she scorns proud Reason harshly wrongs)

Are Wisdom's words to music charmed by Love,  
Thou 'rt framed of wings, and eyes, and tuneful  
tongues,—

Whose sweet soliloquies thy zeal improve  
The while those eyes pierce all, through which those  
swift wings rove !

## XX.

Oh! when the quiet seal of middle age  
Is stamped upon my brow—and manhood's prime  
Is overpast, should I not seek to assuage  
My Soul with contemplations less sublime  
But far more solid, and root out in time  
These wild hallucinations of the brain,  
And dwell in spirit in a soberer clime,  
And exile Fancy and her motley train,  
And other quests pursue; haply not all in vain!

## XXI.

Yet if these dear illusions were expelled  
For sordid interests, and for worldly cares,  
These pleasures crushed, those glad excitements quelled,  
With all their quickening beams, their freshening airs  
But for the fruit the World's rank vineyard bears,  
But for its boasted vanities abhorred,  
Indignantly my swelling Soul prepares  
To scorn the exchange,—oh! let them be restored,  
Those free proud rapturous dreams, loved—cherished—  
and deplored!

## XXII.

Are there in this strange world no vainer dreams,  
No wild illusions, guiltier far than mine ?  
Mark where the Statesman weaves his web, and deems  
The public weal doth with his projects twine,  
Yet oftener to his own good doth incline ;  
The Conqueror too, who ruins with one stroke  
A land's glad hope, and bids a nation pine,  
Doth *he* not through a strange false medium look,  
And deem he nobly doth, Earth's paths with dead to  
choke ?

## XXIII.

And the Freethinker, who is but bent to undo  
Whate'er hath claimed Mankind's respect before,  
And thinks *his* theory only can be true,  
Though rank it be, and rotten at the core—  
For the world's gain, he dreams 't is, he doth pore  
Over his midnight lamp ;—if he succeeds,  
Many may haply his vain skill deplore,  
Propped on Philosophy's frail feeble reeds,  
And weakened in their faith in best and noblest creeds.



## XXIV.

My fancies can to others do no harm,  
Whate'er they to myself perchance may do ;  
And there 's in them a soft redeeming charm,  
That wins me to them—ever fair and new ;  
Bright cheats and smiling mischiefs, though 't is true  
They may be—yet in sooth, their very stings  
Are painless in compare with thorns that strew  
Life's worldlier path ;—thorns red Ambition brings  
Or love, or trust too firm in Earth's real solid things.

## XXV.

Oh ! World ! oh ! Man ! supremely, greatly blest,  
Who little know of ye—untaught—untried,  
Still the most fortunate who know the least !  
But if such ignorance should be denied,  
Let, let the bitter knowledge then be wide—  
Wide, clear and deep ! enough to teach them well  
To avoid the thousand rocks that lurking hide  
Their pointed perils wheresoe'er they swell—  
The human tides smoothed o'er, but fatal, false, and  
fell !

## XXVI.

Oh ! World ! World ; as thy mightiest Master\* said,  
When even he found thee hard to melt or move—  
When even he almost bowed his haughty head  
Beneath thy yoke—thy treacheries doom'd to prove !  
“World ! World !” as he exclaimed--that earthborn Jove,  
When his fierce lip with ire impatient curled,  
When vainly 'gainst opposing Fate he strove—  
And from the heights of boundless triumph hurled—  
Arraigned, denounced, rebuked his God—his Slave—  
his World !

## XXVII.

Disdain, distrust, defiance, hatred, grief,  
Spoke there !—the schemes he wrought, the plans  
he wove,  
Must they thwart *him* ?—that King-compelling Chief !  
Oh ! had he known *himself* thus to reprove !  
World ! World !—how happy he whose mind's above  
Thy changes and thy strife !—who doth not take  
His hints from thee—for they who have had thy Love,  
Thy Honours, and thy Praises, most awake,  
Are, or *shall be*, to all, which these must worthless make !

\* Napoleon.

## XXVIII.

Yes ! happy, happiest he whose chosen path  
Is far from all thy emptiness and noise—  
Far from thy variable uproar and wrath,  
Who prizes not thy solemn shows and toys,—  
But breathes untroubled breath, reaps cloudless joys,  
Whose sweet continuance not alone depends  
On thy capricious whim—not him annoys  
The unloving look which Fortune on him bends,  
Heaven, Nature, Conscience, Truth, and Feeling are  
his friends!

## XXIX.

And yet but few exist, who have not known,  
Sooner or later known—or more or less—  
Thine influence—forced thy tyrannous power to own!  
And doomed to mould their mimic happiness  
After thy laws.—Oh ! impotent to bless  
That wretched shade of Pleasure, which would ape  
Another shade !—’tis but refined distress,  
While, closely they must measure it and shape,  
By thy fixed standards else, none shall thy sentence  
’scape !

## XXX.

They may not seek to improve, nor vary—what !

Shall Man dare to be happy his own way ?

Shall he affect to mark out his own lot ?

No ! in the World all rule and all obey—

A common slavery—as a common sway !—

Resistance and remonstrance were but vain,

The strict exacted tribute all must pay

Society,—that boundless pest and bane

That Juggernaut grinds all, beneath her ponderous  
wain !

## XXXI.

That treacherous Janus-Juggernaut that seems

To proffer Peace, while she is revolving War,—

Whose kindest smile with deadliest malice teems,

Whose wide waved hundred arms reach near and far ;

She urges—yield ! or bleed beneath her car,—

Your glowing feelings you must put to school—

Be of a piece with all, and on a par,

Be wise by pattern, and be blest by rule,

Or thou 'rt confessed indeed, a madman and a fool !

## XXXII.

Indeed a Madman if to choose thou 'rt free,  
And still wilt herd with that harsh World's mad train,  
Not formed to sympathize or to agree  
With her or hers, nor taught to forge nor feign  
Resemblance!—to be sober thus and sane  
Is phrenzy—where all frantic are the same,  
Shall not the monster Many rule and reign?—  
Shall not the wild flock fall upon the tame?—  
Shall not the myriad Mad crush the sane few's weak claim?

## XXXIII.

Not any right canst thou have to complain,  
If thou indeed art unconstrained and free,  
Yet in the Vortex choosest to remain—  
Would'st thou stand still?—so thou may'st giddier be  
—Ten thousand wild contortions thou shalt see  
Which thou might'st mark not, bearing too thy share,  
But watching, in cold blood, the Insanity  
Of others may plunge thee in worse despair—  
One dizzying dreadful doubt of Right—Worth—Truth—  
beware!

## XXXIV.

'T is not alone that——



## XXXV.

All must endure the yoke—the rod must kiss,  
 Taste, Custom, Circumstance, Opinion—these  
 Rule all—if one would build some tower of bliss,  
 Which he would not have bowed to every breeze  
 Of their vile variance—dares he hope for ease?  
 Shall not the World, defied, denied, destroy?

And while with Worldly judgments not agrees  
 His daring Soul, shall these not blunt his joy?  
 Shall he not reck and rue, Man's hate can bring annoy?

## XXXVI.

Oh ! very different would this World be found,  
If men were bent each other still to assist,  
In lieu of hindering ever—that on ground  
Of vantage they themselves may high i' the list  
Shine blazoned ; as though each did but exist  
For Self and Self-advancement—'t is even so  
They gracious Nature's pure intentions twist,  
But mixed together to work mutual woe ;  
Is this as it should be?—must it be thus below ?

## XXXVII.

Hail ! beatific Nature ! thou indeed,  
Art ever Comforter, and ever Friend !  
Thou turn'st not from us in our bitter need,  
When our Souls droop—our burthened shoulders  
bend—  
But gentlest Consolations know'st to send  
Into our inmost hearts—yet oft *we* turn  
From *thee*, dull ingrates ! all our souls to lend  
To the false hollow World, and still to yearn  
For its inconstant joys, that leave us oft to mourn !



## XXXVIII.

Even now from Contemplations vain and keen—  
    Fatiguing to the thoughts, to apostrophize  
Thee, thee I turn—thee now in varied scene,  
    Appealing to my sense ! Earth, Air, and Skies  
    Now to my gladdened and enlightened eyes  
A charm, a power, a living Glory wear,  
    That Morning lends, with her fresh blooming dyes ;  
Oh ! Nature, thou canst banish gloom and care,  
Thou only, ever, found—beneficent and fair !

## XXXIX.

Go forth ! for Morning comes !—in all her pride,  
    And all her grace, Go forth, for welcomed thou  
Shalt be by Nature, Man's half Deified,  
    Who knows how to enjoy with fair-smoothed brow  
    And calmed heart such hours, she seems to avow  
Her Lord ! his Pageantry—his Festival  
    She makes her own, and while we onward plough  
Our way, 't is well to listen to her call,  
And drink that milk of love she gives instead of  
    gall !

## XL.

Ever I joyed to hold communion calm  
With her—Yea ! ever 't was my Soul's delight,  
For still that Soul had need of her deep balm,  
And I, her own, still kept her in my sight—  
I loved to watch the old solemn royal Night  
That wraps her Purple round the Stars august,  
As though she called them Children, and i' the might  
Of love maternal far from these would thrust  
All Evil—and still win, those treasures to her trust !

## XLI.

I loved the Sea, whose every wave becomes  
A mirror of the Firmament and Spheres ;  
Do ye, oh ! Stars ! write there the impending dooms  
Of men and nations—for that the unborn years  
Glanced from your rays, the superstitious fears  
And phantasies of dreaming Sages old  
Taught them to think—and yet despite the sneers  
Of Reason more matured, can we behold  
Your Godlike aspects bright, nor own an awe untold.

## XLII.

Say, were not that dread Main a fitting page  
 For such divine transcription, such proud theme?  
 Unsullied and unchanged from age to age!  
 Doth it not almost seem itself to teem  
 With strange oracular hints, doth it not seem  
 With all its watery tongues to murmur deep  
 Warnings and prophecies?—but ah! ye dream  
 No more, ye Sages, wrapt in leaden sleep  
 And minds of sapience *now*, a different creed they keep!

## XLIII.

Yet sometimes when our soaring spirits yearn  
 For nobler things—for loftier Destinies,  
 To ye—ye <sup>proud</sup> Commonwealth of Suns! we turn,  
 That look unto our vision-haunted eyes  
 Almost a Commonwealth of Deities!  
 Then the wish ushers in the fond belief,  
 We dare to think in those World-peopled Skies  
 Our fates, claims, triumphs, trials, joy or grief  
 Are cared for, nay that these are Heaven's first care  
 and chief!

## XLIV.

The very thought that what on Earth is done  
Can those high Worlds affect, must make us feel  
Our glorious Immortality begun,  
What ! do those shape our destinies and seal,  
What ! are they conscious of our Woe and Weal,  
Those Heavens in Heaven ! those Giant hosts in space,  
Do those controul our Sympathies, and deal  
Our Fortunes and speak of us in their place,  
And shall we, can we, flag on Life's momentous race ?

## XLV.

Perhaps 't was fancy, folly, wild and vain,  
A daring and presumptuous phantasy,  
A vapoury coinage of the Enthusiast's brain,  
A bold Encroachment on the o'er-arching Sky—  
But 't was a kingly weakness—and to sigh,  
Smit by such pure ambition, might not bring  
Heaven's vengeance on the Soul, free, proud, and  
high ;  
No ! we might imp our Spirit's unclipped wing  
For such flights unreprieved—and ever soar and spring !

## XLVI.

'T was Fancy, Folly, Phrenzy—what you will—  
But oft such glimmerings of a baseless thought  
Play o'er the Soul—warm, quick and powerful still;  
And if for Truth we've duly searched and sought—  
Have we not still invariably been taught  
Through all great Nature's thronged Immensity—  
Through all things by the Almighty Maker wrought,  
Sympathy—Unity—Analogy—  
Association clear—Connexion close to see?

## XLVII.

Nothing, in Nature—Nothing—is alone,  
One fine electric chain doth quickening run  
Through all things—lengthening from the Eternal's  
throne,  
All forms one mighty Whole—distinct are none—  
Kindred are Worm and World—the Mote and Sun,  
The least link lost might make Heaven's dread Worlds start  
Forth from their Orbits—ruined and undone;  
And man dreams all ev'n of himself a part,  
Feeling the hidden God—that breathes about his heart!

## XLVIII.

Say, is 't impossible that even with ours,  
Those Worlds may feel—and be perchance endued  
Unconsciously, with strange prophetic Powers ;  
And when Dismay doth o'er Earth's Nations brood,  
When Revolutions spread, and broil and feud,  
And Tribulations shake her Empires wide ;  
'Tis haply too that changes dire intrude  
'Mongst those bright Sister Realms of might and pride,  
For closer than we think—all yet may be allied !

## XLIX.

Like mighty members of one glorious Frame,  
Fraught with one Feeling—filled with one great Soul,  
Each—as it were, another and the same,  
The harmonious part of an harmonious whole!  
Yea ! though they seem distinct, detached, to roll  
In lofty Independence—proudly lone,  
That Hand which could each vast circumference bowl  
Into the Deep of Space, may chain each one  
In sympathetic bonds, that shall not be undone !

## L.

Nature ! great Soother of my Spirit's cares,  
When aught perplexes me, to thee I turn,  
Well for thy heart it is thy peace that shares,  
Well for the eye that can thy worth discern ;  
'T is from the lilies of the field we learn  
Not to disquiet us—and from those Stars,  
To dwell with all in Harmony—nor spurn  
Our fellows in Life's march—no blood-stain'd Wars  
Are brewed up there—nor worse—poor vile, vain, civil  
jars !

## LI.

Our inner-being shapes itself serene,  
And half-unconsciously to thee ; we grow  
More than spectators of thy beauteous Scene—  
(The happiest hours are such we pass below !)  
Parcels and portions of Thee—and we glow  
With feelings most intense—yet most unblamed,  
While our Life's blood doth deeply sweetly flow  
In our calmed veins—we seemed renewed, and framed  
Of Elements more pure, in mould and heart reclaimed !



## LII.

And this, most mighty Mother ! is thy work,  
And yet mid crowds how oft we choose to stay,  
Where no bright lesson doth serenely lurk,  
At every instant to illumine our way—  
But our checked Souls sink weltering in their clay ;  
Where if in something different from the rest,  
Trembling, lest we such difference should betray,  
We dungeon down our quick thoughts in our breast,  
To fit ourselves to be their comrade and their guest !

## LIII.

Thus bowed beneath a double Tyranny,  
Theirs and our own—for still those thoughts rebel,  
And, like the Spartan boy—while none can see,  
We are torn by that, which we have concealed too  
well,  
Yet deign nor dare our heavy case to tell,  
But wear the mask of carelessness and mirth,  
Martyrs of secret tortures, fierce and fell,  
Victims of Vanity, fast chained to Earth,  
Though long since it hath lost, for us its charms and worth !

## LIV. \*

Oh ! what a joy upon yon Sea sublime,  
With lingerings of uncloyed delight to look,  
Great Image of Eternity and Time !

Whose waves type years, but whose huge vastness took  
Heaven's face in from the first ! dread Sea ! dost brook  
From yon proud ship upon her gallant march  
Commandment, or defiance, or rebuke ?

The Firmaments bend o'er her in bright arch !—  
Let Fancy's dreaming eye, raised there, for auguries search.

## LV.

'T is sunny, cloudless all ! No !—one light speck  
Frowns in the Horizon, doth it hold the Storm ?  
And shall that Storm pour down on thy thronged deck,  
Thee to defeat, destroy, or to deform ?

Alas ! when with high hopes elate and warm  
We start on Life's strange march, such shining roof  
May seem above us bent, where sunbeams swarm  
While darkness and dismay keep far aloof—  
Yet one slight cloud may lower, to give our pride reproof !

\* Written by the Sea-side.

## LVI.

'T is thus Events most trivial, weak, and slight,  
Come laden with our fates untoward and dark,  
We ne'er avoided them, though full in sight,  
For nought of threatening might we there remark ;  
Dread Conflagrations spread from smouldering  
spark—  
Springs from beginnings small, most dire mischance—  
The Storm that 's destined to o'erwhelm our bark,  
May sleep above us in a cloudy trance  
Till it at length burst forth, in dread predominance.

## LVII.

Light Accidents o'ercome us by surprise  
And mock us, who had striven with thoughtful care  
To shape the Future to our phantasies ;  
We had wrought for years—our projects melt in air—  
And moments, *moments* oft our dooms prepare—  
Thyself, seek, if thou canst, then to defend  
From instantaneous casualties ! Still bear  
These things in mind—nor all too fondly tend  
On far wide-reaching hopes, that oft find sudden end !

## LVIII.

Oh ! if we are wronged by Fortune, 't is at least  
A consolation, or should be, to view  
What things become her Favourites—of her feast  
Partaking as it were their merits due—  
Who have carved their way opposing barriers  
through—  
Who bask them in her smiles unchangingly —  
Yea, well to observe her choice elected few  
And those who with thyself contemned may be,  
If that consoles thee not, then, then, I pity thee !

## LIX.

How oft, hath she adopted for her own—  
Her own spoiled children—the low-souled and mean,  
And all her gilded gaudes about them thrown,—  
Invested them with all her glittering sheen—  
Who hath lived long in this wild World nor seen  
Her vile injustice?—who if good and wise  
Hath learned not, firm and steadfastly serene,  
Herself and her vain favourites to despise,  
Pitying the Winners oft—nor coveting the prize !

## LX.

Matter it is to make a Stoic laugh

To watch those wretched puppets strut and prate,  
Those things of dust and dress—and clay and chaff

Propped up by freakish Fortune and blind Fate!

Lo! Emptiness and Nothingness in State!

These foist their dull opinions on the deep

But misled mind of Man—that mind shall date—

Evil—from the hour they caught it in its sleep—

Aye matter 't is in sooth—to make Fiends laugh or weep!

## LXI.

Look on them in their insignificance!

Authority into their hands consigned—

But a bald meanness in their sidelong glance

Fatuity and falsehood in their mind!

There are, who will indulgently be blind

To their dull foibles, and there are who deign

Shape their own judgments by the shapeless kind

Of theirs, and then aloud they dare complain

And cry that Man is wronged—and his high Hopes are  
vain!

## LXII.

Oh ! Fortune ! thou hast ne'er flattered me nor raised,  
And I have ne'er followed thee—for thine own sake—  
My hope was to be loved and to be praised  
In earlier days, ere grief my soul could shake—  
Such hopes I find were bubbles—let them break !  
My fault and folly 't is—or 't was, Oh ! most  
Should I have felt this had thy fearful Snake  
Remorse, been gendered 'mid their growth—then crossed,  
We have no resource within, and so are doubly lost !

## LXIII.

But not thus was my object, or my aim  
Parent of Guilt—but innocent as strong  
Let worldly Censors harshly scorn and blame  
Even as they will—could such sweet hopes be wrong?  
They are lost, but to my lonely thoughts belong  
An independence and a freshness still  
That never can remain when once among,  
Those thoughts, that deadly Snake doth wind at will,  
Poisoning them ev'n as may, vile weeds some close-  
choaked rill !

## LXIV.

Ev'n if our friends desert us, let us think

The Shame and the remorse shall be their own!—

Who could from their own fond professions shrink!—

Themselves, of us, they have thus unworthy shown,

Since if inconstant and estranged they have grown,

Not from *our* fault—then we may well be sure

That while we loved them, for themselves alone

'T was interest took in them the semblance pure

And guise of Friendship—so, our grief should find its cure!

## LXV.

And if indeed we miss them from our side

When from our eyes, Misfortune harshly draws

Grief's blistering tear, they on whom we relied

For aid—for comfort—this should make us pause—

Should teach us to scorn those who spurn thy laws

Blest Friendship! Yea! if they have fallen away

From their proclaimed adhesion, without cause

Then let us raise our drooping heads and say

“The Sorrow and the Shame be theirs who could  
betray!”



## LXVI.

There are so soft of Nature, and so deep  
In Feeling, that they will not, cannot, bring  
Themselves to view things thus, they groan and weep  
But struggle not, nor ever strive to wring  
The Affliction from their Soul, Alas ! they fling  
Their strength away in poisoning more the dart  
That's poisoning them,—and their deep Being's  
spring  
All tears—those Arethusas of the Heart  
In faint Dejection melt, unsolaced and apart !

## LXVII.

Could they arise and see their fond mistake  
How would they gladly arm themselves with Scorn—  
But then few eyes would weep—few hearts would break,  
— And few would wander cheerless and forlorn  
For what hath Life to give—what fruits adorn  
Its tree, worth half the toils we stoop to accord ?—  
Dreams lighter than the exhaling mists of Morn  
Are prospects vain of bliss—let *Peace* be stored  
Deep in your heart of hearts—on Earth *bliss* is a word !

## LXVIII.

Why do we writhe in a perplexed unrest  
And lay not balm, but gall unto our soul,  
And feed ten thousand adders in our breast  
Lest all too smooth Life's torrent-stream should roll?  
Why do we strive to embitter its wide whole,  
And discontented with our sorrow's store  
Seek to increase it ever till the Knoll  
Sounds in our ears—and we must seek that Shore  
Where joy or grief must be, our own for evermore!

## LXIX.

Do we not madden in a Calenture  
Of feeling most diseased?—as though we came  
From some far Heavenly Land, bright, glorious,  
pure?  
Such Beauty doth our Fancy in its flame  
Bestow on Life's rough waves!—even thus we frame  
The Paradise we yearn for—and thus throw  
Ourselves midst those fierce billows—in fond aim  
For that which is not!—and so court our woe  
And all too late the Truth—and the Delusion know!

## LXX.

Fearful Adversity !—whatever shape

Thou 'st skilled to take, at least thou teachest much  
And none may hope from thy dread Scourge to escape ;

How many that never deigned their pangs to avouch  
Have tired all Suffering out !—yet could not crouch  
And would not shrink, but braved the thronging ills

They could stand firm to bear—Praise be to such !  
Such noble Courage, Duty's law fulfils,  
And more than Victory waits, on such unflinching Wills !

## LXXI.

All well might act thus, who would pause to think

What are the Inflictions—and inflicted why !—

Who would reflect how soon they 'll reach the brink

Of Life's rough precipice-bounded path—and die !

How many mourn—Lo ! while they sit and sigh

The Grief they weep o'er 's dwindling to a shade !—

Moments go hurrying past— and long years fly

While they are fools of their vain fondness made—

While they have in Mourning Robes, themselves by  
choice arrayed.

## LXXII.

Pitying themselves—declining all relief—  
They study Sorrow's mummery and grimace—  
Though they 've survived their real and proper grief  
Of whose original form remains no trace—  
A Phantom 't is, they grasp in their Embrace  
A Shade—The Substance perished in the Past!—  
And so they close Life's great eventful race,  
Tenacious but of Suffering to the last—  
Extracting from its cup—each drop of bitterest taste!

## LXXIII.

We make our food of poison and surprised  
We are that we should suffer—let it go—  
All that we 've coveted or sought or prized  
Or soon or late shall cost us care and woe.  
It is to be—it shall it must be so  
And we must wait for our Deliverance  
From our worst foes—ourselves—for still below  
Men do their trials and their pains enhance  
By every possible means, and make their crutch—a  
lance!

## LXXIV.

Why for ourselves do we unwearied toil—  
To frame the strong and adamantine band—  
To wreathe the closely-clasping numbing coil—  
Why choose to linger, fettered foot and hand?—  
Why for ourselves have we for ever planned  
Restraints—forbidding us to freely move—  
Trembling we stir—or tottering we stand  
So cramped with Selfish motives—let the Dove  
The Stork teach better things—and lesson us in Love!

## LXXV.

Selfishness is our bane—hath it been mine?  
No! no! not wholly Selfishness it was—  
Love's breath did make my being half-divine  
In days now gone for ever—and alas!  
When that dear dream did with its sweetness pass  
I was more severed from my fellows all  
Than Man should be, while in the World's great mass  
Of Being—subject to one selfsame thrall  
With all that round him crowd—intent to climb or  
crawl!

## LXXVI.

'T is well to be so severed—if 't is not  
Too much and widely—Man's too apt to make  
His fellow man his judge, and of his Lot  
The Mover and Controller—nor for the sake  
Of Heaven and Heavenly Hopes, to watch and wake,  
But still, preferment from Man's hand to gain  
Advantage and advancement, that must slake  
His thirst for fame or lucre—if the chain  
In some links loosened be, it shall not be in vain !

## LXXVII.

There are who can almost abstract their hearts  
From the dull business of this work-day Earth,  
And even 'midst all its toils, broils, snares and arts  
Keep still unfettered in their glowing worth  
Their best Emotions ; So 'mongst all the dearth,  
The nothingness and noise, they pass along  
Bless'd by the noblest gift bestowed by birth,  
The faculty of feeling—deep, bright, strong—  
Themselves—their thoughts—their own—even in the  
o'erpowering throng !

## LXXVIII.

But others—and the larger number much  
Become the prey of its infection vile,  
And poisoned are, by its dread venom'd touch !  
While numbed by its dire basilisk-eye's cold smile—  
And bound and crushed by its culebra\* coil,  
They grow Nonentities—and still the more  
They lose all claim to Honour's flattering style  
The more do they require it—and deplore,  
If merited Contempt, should o'er them fiercely pour !

## LXXIX.

Save me from this !—whate'er hath Nature's hand,  
Made me, so let me be ! I would not turn  
With every touch of Fortune's fickle wand—  
But hold my Soul unchanged, though kind or stern  
This hollow World should seem—nor let me yearn  
For its vain pleasures—varying—yet the same  
In Emptiness ! No ! from whatever Urn,  
The dark or bright, my cup be filled, I claim  
Proud Independence still—that stoops not to false shame !

\* Boa-Constrictor.

## LXXX.

Is there a sadder or more sickening sight,  
Than to see one, who hath no thought beyond  
'This wretched world—his Worship and Delight—  
Chasing its phantoms desperately fond,  
Fulfilling to the last its rigorous bond !  
One who hath sought but its precarious good,  
Its harsh laws studied, and its vile tasks conned—  
And ceaselessly hath watched it—worshipped—wooed,  
To each varying vain caprice, varying his servile mood !

## LXXXI.

How oft his fond zeal its own end defeats !  
He would be first among his fellows found,  
Yet scarce dares move, lest frowns, or that which meets  
Ambition, with a withering check, to bound,  
Its haughty flight, harsh Ridicule should sound  
In his pained ears, and so he longs, yet dreads  
To climb—his hopes—his Aspirations drowned  
In abject doubt and deference—till to shreds  
Fall all his fair-woven Schemes—and Darkness round  
him spreads !



## LXXXII.

Detested Mediocrity results,

From thence—with stagnant soul and frigid mind !

Palmy Ambition its plumed glory moults,

And fiery zeal lies cabinned and confined

With gall, ice, lead,—to embitter, numb, and bind !

The immortal Spirit drags its weary way,

Till Death, or Child-changed age severely kind,

Ends its regrets and sufferings in the clay—

Since consciousness in Eld, oft sinks as its first prey.

## LXXXIII.

Not yet—not yet, Oh ! cruel World ! hast forked

Thy deadly Lightnings through my soul—not yet,

Hast in my Spirit Alteration worked—

Warped from what 't was, and 't would be ! may'st  
thou set,

Star of my destiny ! without the let

Of poisonous Exhalations to obstruct,

Thy beams—though pale and few they may forget

Their early brightness—I have willingly plucked

On Earth but wholesome plants, and their pure nectar  
sucked !

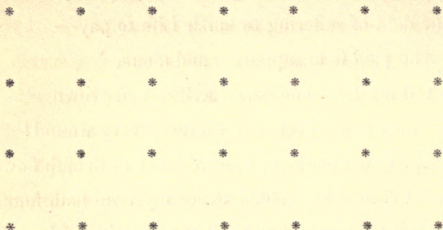
## LXXXIV.

My heart 't is true at times hath gone astray,  
In deadliness of aching—for I 've known,  
The debt of suffering to harsh Life to pay—  
And paid it unsupported and alone,  
Till my Soul one dark sacrifice had grown—  
But then came Mercy to staunch every wound!  
And Pain's black vulture-brood at length hath flown—  
And Peace, calm golden Peace my Soul hath found,  
And Gratitude my mind, shall cherish without bound!

## LXXXV.

Yes! I have suffered—and let no Man judge  
What others' griefs and trials may have been,  
Some may be found to doubt, dodge, droil, and drudge  
In this dull drudging World—but bright and keen  
Some Natures cannot keep the fitting mean,  
But rush upon Excess!—Woe, woe to them,  
Woe—woe to all who on Life's troubled scene  
Are wanting in that blunt, cold, worldly phlegm,  
Which sole enables men, Earth's various tides to stem!

## LXXXVI.



## LXXXVII.

We are distracted from each other now,  
 My once Beloved !—and yet at times I deem,  
 Our Souls converse—mine own once more art thou—  
 But then the pitiless currents of Life's stream,  
 Bear us afar—Still that one little beam  
 Long, long lights up my course, I will not sink,  
 But stir up those sweet ashes of a Dream,  
 To warm and cheer me, and will fondly think,  
 There is yet between our Souls, a rivet and a link.

## LXXXVIII.

That honey-drop shall bless my bitter cup  
Haply far more than floods of nectar may  
Theirs, who too unregardfully drink up  
Their dealt draughts of Life's stream, I cannot pay  
Homage to many Shrines, but I can play  
Calmly my fond and faithful part, and snatch  
Real pleasure from those blossoms of a day,  
Love, Friendship, Hope, Delight, they which attach  
To Earth, yet teach the while, that Earth Heaven's hues  
to catch !

## LXXXIX.

We are distracted from each other now—  
Oh ! could I teach another, but to love  
As I have loved—then with far smoother brow  
Along my briary pathway I might rove,  
Since I should know, that *thou* at least shouldest prove  
What a divinest blessing Life may find  
Love—Love immortal—and that thou should'st move  
Scatheless along—a deep, deep heart and mind  
'Twixt thee and every storm, and shock of Fate Unkind.

## XC.

Is't not a perilous way we have to tread  
With dangers and with sorrows compassed round ?  
Bright starry glories beam out overhead  
But thorns and ashes every step surround—  
And most inconstant is the shifting ground,  
Yet there is for our hand a mighty staff  
That shall support us—there have yet been found  
Immortal treasures near—not dust nor chaff,  
And fountains of which we, may all securely quaff.

## XCI.

Alas ! we catch at straws and grasp them fast  
Who have the Rock of all Defence at hand,  
It hath been so for ever in the Past,  
And will be so while Time doth still expand  
His awful wings—we've plotted and we've planned  
And been our hardest Taskmasters to ourselves,  
We've built our fond frail Edifice on sand—  
We've steered our bark 'gainst black Destruction's  
shelves—  
We've fallen in that dank pit,—our own Corruption  
delves !

## XCII.

Dull Vanities of Life ! how can ye hold

Even for a moment Souls for Heaven designed—

Souls cast and fashioned in immortal mould—

How can ye charm down an aspiring mind,

And file, and clip, and damp, and clog, and bind

The Thoughts, the Imaginings that should be free

As Light, or Flame, or Ocean, or the Wind?

Dull Vanities of Life ! that ye should be

Perchance the bars accursed, to a blest Eternity.

## XCIII.

Oh ! to renounce those Vanities—forswear

Those follies !—and to calm the restless Soul

And shut those avenues to long Despair—

While moments pile themselves to years and roll

The Stars and Worlds—while the Universe's whole

Proceeds and progresses !—this—this were well,

Then should we drain not Sorrow's tragic bowl,

Nor should the Soul with sick impatience swell,

Nor in a vain suspense, unsoothed, unsettled, dwell !

## XCIV.

To struggle on without one blessed Hope  
To torch us on our long and dreary way—  
With very Spirit-sickness bowed to droop—  
And dread the rising of another day—  
Save 't is upon our ashes—this I say  
Is Misery—I have known it—to *have* known  
Perhaps is well—it weans us from the clay,  
Teacheth us Earth's vain Influence to disown—  
To seek far brighter realms—and mansions for our own !

## XCV.

Oh ! heavy World !—how many bowed and bent  
Have courted still thy load—though still increased  
While their presumption grows their punishment—  
Their worst of terrors, 't is to be released—  
And so they stumble on—the wiser beast  
Is glad to miss his burthen—while they hug  
Theirs ever more and more, till all hath ceased  
And their deep grave in Mother Earth is dug  
And they are nestled close with kindred Worm and  
Slug !

## XCVI.

Thou heavy heavy World ! where Time doth wield  
His terrible scythe in triumph and in pride  
And ever rests the master of the field  
And priceless treasure doth in dim vaults hide—  
He treads on Capital cities—and they glide  
Into a pit of darkness—he waves high  
His Sceptre-scythe—and he doth glorying ride  
On the bowed necks of Empires—while Years fly,  
Creeds, Codes, and Systems cease—tongues fail—and  
mortals die !

## XCVII.

And Thought—the Imperial Faculty of man  
Is filed, and held in adamantine bands,  
And though at times it foils the unrighteous clan  
Of Persecutors—and with just demands  
Acceded to, hath made the listening Lands  
Record its triumphs and accomplish'd things  
Sublime and Wond'rous—yet on adverse Strands  
Oft wrecked—the hyæna Prejudice springs, clings,  
And fastens to it still, and tears and gripes and wrings.



## XCVIII.

Stars of the Night ! when in sad sleeplessness

I've watched your beams—how seemed ye to reprove  
A Mortal's Sorrow—ye ! that proudly press

On your immortal race like things of Love,  
Of Loveliness and Duty ! Worlds above !

Men look on *ye*, then turn away to pour

Their souls on some all idle aim—they move

Earth—Earth and Heaven for this—their bosom's core  
Is still disquieted—for what ?—let them explore !

## XCIX.

Stars of the Night ! when of the Past I think

Time, Death, Change, Distance, at your view take  
flight

Ye Pilgrims of the Eternity—how sink

Our measurements of months and years in sight  
Of ye ! I greet ye with intense delight !

If these *were not*—would not quick Minds and deep  
Imagine such things in their innate might ?

And take in thought far, far, a flashing leap  
O'er the outstretched Space to pierce to these—with  
these to sweep !

## C.

The Soul hath its own grand Necessities !—

August Necessities and glorious Wants !—

From Earth it breaks away and seeks the Skies

And for new hopes, new Worlds, new Triumphs pants

Proudest and princeliest of all Mendicants,

With little less than all things satisfied—

High Heaven in those sublime Desires ev'n grants

A fund of royal riches !—and allied,

Through these to all that's great, Man doth on Earth abide.

## CI.

Oft when at Midnight's deep still solemn hour

I ponder lone—they whom I have loved and lost

Come back on me—in beauty and in power,

And 'twixt regret and hope my Soul is toss'd—

They live ! I feel they live ! though a dread Host

Of Worlds may sunder us—but in the Strife

Of this World's occupations—I feel most

Their Silence on my Soul—with miseries rife

*Their* Memory on *my* Hope—their *Death* on—in my  
Life !

## CII.

There—then—there is nor room nor time to think,

We almost feel by rote!—such feelings lack

All sense of inborn solace—and they drink

A wine of their mixed blood and tears, black, black

And bitter, who on lonely desolate track

Move lorn mid crowds, their veins run tears, weeps blood

Their brain—their thoughts upon themselves forced  
back

Grow sufferings and make suffer—until Good

Too oft their Evil proves—warped to their morbid mood.

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# THE VISIONARY.

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## CANTO II.

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### I.

The wavering reek of mortal breath may not  
Or serve to aggrandize or to blight my name ;  
Humble and most sequestered is my lot—

Yet something I demand far more than Fame,  
That something may be mine, for my calm claim  
Is just and strong, the prayers I have preferred  
(Still I have played an unambitious game)

Shall surely be, by Heavenly Mercy heard,  
Let me not by vain doubts, be shaken now nor stirred.

## II.

Yet who, in this world, loves feels, hopes admires  
Nor owns at times a faltering and a fear,  
A sinking and a smothering of the fires,  
That most could animate and brightly cheer?—  
Their path no more shows smooth or straight or clear,  
A cloud of dim and ill-defined distress—  
Heavy and lowering dull, and dense and drear,  
Like a cold wintry fog doth all oppress,  
Who hath e'er seen unveiled—the Phantasm, Happiness?

## III.

All—all the fardel and the canker—nay,  
Haply the worldly sordor too, have borne  
(That sordor of vile Selfishness which they  
Whose Souls are noble quickly thrust with Scorn  
Aside)—but so Humanity must mourn—  
Mortality's its nature and its name,  
And still the immortal-mortal's inly torn  
With adverse feelings—till the Air's ice—and flame,  
The Heavens are lead—the Earth, one huge hard chill  
stony frame.

## IV.

Humanity must mourn—too oft the best  
Mourn most, for not in this dark Life is 't good  
To bear a kindly or a generous breast—  
A Noble or an Elevated mood—  
The cold, the narrow-minded oft have stood,  
When the excellent and kind have bit the dust,  
And inwardly shed their heart's own dearest blood—  
Most fatal shedding—from the deadly thrust  
Of Sorrow's poisoned darts, that in the unhealed wounds  
rust—

## V.

The spreading deepening wounds—they will not close,  
They have a deadly life, all, all, their own—  
And oft they bleed afresh at sudden blows  
Unconsciously inflicted—since not shown,  
They are not suspected! not avowed—not known!  
Alas!—how many may we daily meet,  
Who bleed in secret thus, and inly groan,  
That hide their Sorrow in its veiled retreat—  
Their griefs—that prisoned thus, through brain and bosom  
eat!

## VI.

Perchance, the most terrific tasks are still  
Performed in silence—and the World knows nought  
Of their attempts and struggles, who with will  
Inflexible and patient zeal have wrought  
With hidden powers—nor hath it loudly brought  
Their names to honour,—nor its favours poured  
On their deserving heads—nor ever sought  
To aid them,—they, who fight not with the sword,  
Whose brows no wreaths adorn—whose deeds no Scrolls  
record.

## VII.

Yet the most stubborn and the hardest fight,  
Hath it been theirs to wage, deep deep in the Core  
Of their own hearts—as in the secret night,  
And no applause—no loud tumultuous roar  
Of praise hath these encouraged ! but the more  
They have girded up their Spirits to press on,  
And do without that Glory which their War  
Leaves far behind in sooth, upheld by none  
They their hard strife maintained, till was all nobly won !

## VIII.

Still the achievements of the just and sage,  
Even of the very gentlest of the Good,  
Although inscribed upon no earthly page  
Are blazoned forth where Angels o'er them brood  
In Admiration—all unstained by blood  
As Earth's proud Conquerors are—nor clouded round  
By discord and dispute, as those who have stood  
Founders of Sects, Schools, Systems—these are found  
Blameless, and worthy of—that Fame which knows no  
bound.

## IX.

The Fame in Heaven attained—which at the last  
Shall honour bring to those who had rebuke  
And cold neglect on Earth—who meekly cast  
Ashes on their bowed heads, yet whose firm look  
Was Heavenwards and not Earthwards—and who  
took  
Reproach from all, but chief from those who well  
Had done, to have searched each cell and inmost nook  
Of their own bosoms, ere they fiercely fell  
On others—slandrous tales, 'gainst them to invent and tell.



## X.

Alas ! the best must often mourn the most—

Not here is their reward or their repose,

'Tis when the deserts of this life are cross'd,

That they may smile delivered from their woes,

Then shall their tears be dried, their wounds shall close,

But *here*—speak, speak, ye thousands that lie down,

Wronged Martyrs ! Saints uncanonized ! though blows

And racks and flames had purchased more renown,

Could aught of deadlier been, than the ills that *here* ye  
have known ?

## XI.

But oh ! to name my nameless self 'mongst those

With rash presumptuous pride I venture not,

Though Heaven knows I have borne my share of woes

And battled with a bitter, bitter lot,

Nor hath Shame hitherto impressed her blot

On my life's page—I have struggled long and hard—

My friends forgiven and my foes forgot,

How long shall Fate my sweet reprieve retard ?

Say—shall I forfeit ere, I have reaped my rich reward !

## XII.

The day I write's the first of the New Year,  
Old days are gone, and new ones coming on,  
To bring but the old Events in their career—  
For what is new beneath the all-seeing Sun?—  
We do what millions have before us done,  
We see what multitudes before have seen,  
We run the same race myriads too have run—  
What *is*, What shall be, but what still hath been,  
While still we trace fresh schemes, with expectations keen.

## XIII.

Yet wond'rous things shall still his thoughts engage,  
And proud impressive sights shall he behold  
Who gazes from a distance on Life's stage,  
And sees its mighty Pageant-pomp unrolled—  
Even I, though I am now in sooth not old,  
Have seen such marvellous changes in my time,  
Such dark miraculous destinies unfold—  
Such strange events—too dread and deep for rhyme—  
That Memory scarce can grasp, her shadowy stores  
sublime,

## XIV.

Yea ! I have Spectator and Survivor been

Of such strange things as make me stand aghast,  
When she would fain rehearse what o'er the scene

Hath full of dread absorbing interest passed,

And I have viewed the threatening Heavens o'ercast  
With huge dense clouds that seemed o'ercharged to  
swell

With Thunders such as well might burst to blast

All Nature and Existence—yet that fell

At last in peaceful rains, or passed—and all was well !

## XV.

I have watched with mine own pained and wildered eyes

Man's fickle nature, changing with the wind,

I've marked the lapse of ancient Dynasties,

The wreck of old Opinions long enshrined

In Sanctuaries of the human heart and mind—

I have hailed Discoveries glorious and sublime—

Even such as bless and benefit Mankind—

I've viewed in fleeting periods of winged time,  
Prosperity and Peace, take flight from Clime to Clime !

## XVI.

Awe-struck I heard—in Childhood's sensitive years  
The echoing thunders of a lengthened War—  
When the leagued Nations cast aside their fears  
And sought to arrest the Conqueror on his Car—  
He on whose forehead Fortune's blazing Star  
Seemed set by fiends in fierce infernal mirth,  
A gorgeous brand—like Cain's to Scathe and Scar !  
Have I not seen on this unstable Earth  
Of Empires the overthrow, of bourgeoning States the  
birth?

## XVII.

The end of Empires and the birth of States—  
The unfolding of gigantic Shadowy Schemes—  
Such as the wildest-working brain creates  
When one Chimæra-Chaos seem its dreams,  
Yet what were Fancy's strangest flights and themes  
To the Actual Stern Realities which smite  
With Consternation—while for ever teems  
Fresh cause for wonder, till the aching sight  
Can scarcely seize and trace—the varying forms aright !

## XVIII.

Charters and Constitutions I have seen formed,  
Some to be broken through—patched up again—  
Then slowly sapped—if not defied and stormed—  
Warped to the sanction for a Tyrant-reign !  
The Letter not the Spirit taught to retain !  
And I have watched, abhorred dissensions rise  
I' the heart of Kingdoms while in vain, in vain  
Freedom—Religion—form the factious cries  
Till both lie crushed beneath—War's *worst*—*Home*-  
anarchies.

## XIX.

I have seen Realms torn from their anointed Kings,  
And Kings to kingless States dependent given,—  
Remodelled Laws—Improvement, such as brings  
From its rash suddenness—a deep fear driven  
Through thoughtful Minds, that not unrent—unriven  
Shall Fabrics stand, which lack foundations fixed  
Firm, firmand fasti' the ground, since with the leaven  
Of Imperfection all Man's works are mixed,  
Weigh well—if Right and Wrong thoud'st justly choose  
betwixt.

## XX.

But who shall tell me that these things are new—

Have regal Sceptres ne'er been flung before

From hand to hand, have men ne'er striven to undo

What their forefathers did!—hath purple War

Not dyed the ensanguined Earth from shore to shore,  
Or in a listed space hemmed in—confined

Even in a self-stung Country's bleeding core,

More sternly stormed, in revel fierce and blind?

Hath rashness never marked, the councils of Mankind?

## XXI.

Have Sciences and novel Arts ere this

Not been discovered by the human brain?

Mankind—impatient still of that which is—

Make ceaseless efforts to extend their reign,

To enlarge their sources of power, knowledge, gain,

Yea! even these, these things have their rise, and *fall*,

While Barbarism o'erpowered, o'erpowers again,

Mind, Freedom, Luxury, Civilization—all

That we too fondly deem—defies Decay's stern thrall.

## XXII.

Perchance more crowded, more compressed, more close,  
The Occurrences may heaped and hastened be  
In these wild days—the wonders and the woes,  
The jubilees—the jars ;—more hurryingly  
These waves in their succession—full and free,  
May, while the shore beneath them shakes—be rolled !  
But they 're the billows of the self-same Sea,  
'T is but the restless tide that heaved of old,  
And History's page presents, tales thrice three times retold.

## XXIII.

Away ! no Sybil's scroll do we require—  
Though strange events come thronging thick and fast,  
Though hope or dread the Horizon may inspire—  
No Sybil's scroll we need ! thy page, great Past  
Is opened to us ! therein crowd amassed  
All answers to our questionings, and 't is there  
If our calm looks unprejudiced we cast  
We the end shall trace, of deeds and dooms that wear  
To their Conclusion on, like all things Earth may share !

## XXIV.

In sooth no Sybil do we need—nor Seer,  
Experience hath enriched us with her store  
Piled through the increase of ages, which each year,  
Each day augments, and well may we adore  
The ways of Providence, since still to explore  
The Annals of Nations should instruct us still  
In Faith and Piety's celestial lore ;  
How Good hath oft extracted been from Ill !  
How all things have conspired, to unfold Heaven's gracious  
will !

## XXV.

A mighty Hand although by us unseen  
Doth all this Earth's affairs mould—regulate,  
A mighty Eye is over all—I ween,  
To which lie bared the latent springs of Fate.  
All the Orders of Events with all their weight  
Of consequences have been deeply planned  
By dread Omniscience, and in Embryo state  
Been good pronounced—ere stood fast that command,  
Which bade them spring to birth ;—yea they 've been  
weighed, judged, scanned.



## XXVI.

The day of the New Year ! no storms convulse  
Its quiet dawn—may none distract the march  
Of the unborn after-days, with harsh repulse  
Of Peace and Harmony—may the sweet arch  
Of Heaven pour Sunshine o'er us, not to parch  
Nor choak with tares the ground—but to ensure  
Bright Plenty with redundant horn !—we search  
In vain with prying eyes, the array obscure  
Of coming days, and ask—"What yet have we to endure?"

## XXVII.

May all be prosperous and be peaceful ! yet,  
The echo of that fond prayer is a sigh,  
For one winged instant can we not forget,  
That 't is a vain hope for Mortality !  
Alas ! the days that come shall fleet and fly  
Too like their brethren—that pale shadowy host—  
Not to demand a sad reverted eye  
Weeping o'er all that 's perished, past, but most  
O'er bright Occasions missed—o'er Heaven-lent prospects  
lost !

## XXVIII.

Aye ! fair Occasions still shall granted be  
To build high fabric of immortal trust,  
And thrice alas ! for human vanity  
Oft oft be slighted, for though we 're but dust  
Rashly we choose our own course, and so thrust  
The proffered good away—skilful to miss  
The open path and thread the obscure which must  
Or lead us into Worlds more dire than this,  
Or be retrod with pain—if we 'd avoid the abyss !

## XXIX.

The Seasons and their wonders shall, displayed,  
Recall that Word which these of old ordained,  
While Man as though of Heaven's voice still afraid  
Shall faintly shrink, nor revel unrestrained  
In Nature's bounty—he is cramped and chained,  
And most unwise of prisoners would not taste  
Of freedom, but pays heaviest price, though pained  
By stinging conscience still, his life to waste—  
A price of cares, toils, griefs—and would—in Eden placed !

## XXX.

The first of the New Year ! thoughts thronging come  
Upon my Soul like clouds that spread abroad  
Their magical diversities ; i' their loom,  
Invisible, so fast spun that none may goad  
Their Fancy to overtake them—thus her road  
Doth Reason lose midst complicated dreams—  
Oh ! Past ! lie not upon my Soul a load,  
Oh ! Future ! hide not from me Hope's dear beams,  
Nor let me now mock *thee*, with too presumptuous schemes.

## XXXI.

Life ! thou hast moments full, how full of bliss,  
And yet they are but *moments*, felt and gone,  
Melting even in our grasp, away ;—'t is this  
That doth embitter all the joy we've known,  
Perchance some wish is granted, or just won  
Some long-sought prize, even in possession palls  
The things so much desired—the charm's undone,  
The spell is broken—to the ground it falls,  
Soon lures some other hope—some new illusion calls !

## XXXII.

Different the means employed, yet the same end  
Have most, few, few have not—o'er others 't is  
To acquire some influence and if not a friend  
To gain, to win some flatterers; is 't not this  
That exiles many from their proper bliss,  
Upon a wild and wretched aim to tend,  
Which whether they accomplish or must miss,  
Shall little pleasure with their feelings blend?  
Too much upon the rest, they evermore depend!

## XXXIII.

Mark! where the fond Aspirants pass along—  
For are not all Aspirants more or less!  
Perchance the deep desire may glow most strong,  
Where we conceive it can no power possess—  
Where scarce its bare Existence we could guess.  
In various ways men hide this or—betray,  
Various as are their dispositions—yes!  
This is revealed in many a startling way,  
Or studiously concealed—mark! how their parts they  
play!

## XXXIV. \

Some with a look of haughty unconcern,  
As though despising praise, defying blame,  
Some with anxiety that doth but earn,  
Repulse and ridicule—in lieu of fame,  
Some with an open, some a covert aim,  
Some with much fear, and others with much hope,  
Yet each and every one condemned the same  
To sorrow or rejoice—or tower or droop  
As they succeed or fail, in their fond wishes' scope.

## XXXV.

For so it is ordained—well, wisely too—  
(If that the feeling's fitly chastened down,  
Nor suffered to acquire a force undue)  
That not indifferent to the smile or frown  
Of others should we be—while 'mongst them thrown,  
In this loud busy populous World below,  
Would we indeed their influence all disown?  
Few, few have e'er accomplished this, and know  
Perchance not happier these, when crushed the generous  
glow.

## XXXVI.

Even thus it is contrived—well, wisely too,  
Since were it not so wilder pranks would Men  
Play i' the face of Heaven than now they do,  
Though that were hard in sooth!—and yet again  
This is the cause of ills and plagues that then  
Might not be heard of—still 't is better far  
We should not skulk like Cynics in our den—  
Or in defiance, wage contentious war  
Still 'gainst our fellows, nor for their Opinions care!

## XXXVII.

Not now the buzzing clamour of the crowd  
Rings in mine ears—I dwell awhile, alone—  
And few the echoes, distant, few,—nor loud  
That vex me, of that harsh monotonous tone—  
Now for a time my thoughts shall be mine own,  
But no! a tyrant-spirit o'er them sways  
Deep powerful Memory, and of pleasures flown—  
(While all too well my heart her call obeys)  
She still discourses much—and of the dear old days!

## XXXVIII.

The Old Days come back on me when all I saw  
Was Beauty, Power, Joy, Mystery and Surprise,  
What now my Spirit's icy mail can thaw?

How can I see delight with these dim eyes?

Though still to admire Earth, Ocean, Air and Skies  
Is mine and must be—yet 't is feeling void

Of glowing bliss, my heart within me dies

Even while my mind enjoys as *that* enjoyed

Of old—with it!—I feel, my hope and heart, destroyed.

## XXXIX.

And wherefore? oh what boots it to return

To all that dire Necessity hath willed,

It is enough from her stern law to learn

To grind the Soul down till 't is steeled—or stilled.

Once in forgetfulness I well was skilled

A Stranger to my past self I had grown!

While, still through all my being's well instilled

This best art, to be blown as leaves are blown

By Autumn winds along—without a plaint or moan.

## XL.

This hollow World inhospitable, cold,  
Arraigns—amerces for most venial sins,  
And oft the worst doth most unmoved behold,  
Since Merit's touchstone is success; if wins  
Its prize foul Crime, 't is honoured, praised!—while  
spins  
Hypocrisy her web—to entangle all,  
While Custom shakes her fell rod—while begins  
Suspicion ever 'gainst the best to call  
For explanations vain—whose *Lives* should speak and shall!

## XLI.

Contagion of Corruption doth await  
Whoso unguarded on the field, the Stage  
Of that World moves, let him beware his fate!  
Wretched shall be his youth, wretched his age,  
If he seeks not to keep his mind's broad page  
Clear and unsullied—Angels then may write  
Thereon, nor baffled dæmons in blind rage  
Mix their vile characters with words of light—  
Still thy Soul's whiteness guard, and keep it pure and bright!



## XLII.

Yet if impatient of Corruption some  
Thus stand 'gainst its advances false and vile,  
How often it decides their hapless doom  
And seals their Misery with a bitter smile,  
Eager to blight what it can *not* beguile !  
No ! all must worship with bent knee, bowed head,  
(Although detesting it and them the while)  
The golden Idols it sets up, thus led  
Are thousand thousands still, through thoughtlessness or  
dread !

## XLIII.

Oh ! let those take divinely-tempered arms—  
Who would pass free midst all the perils round,  
And keep immoveably mid all alarms—  
The bright resolve which pure minds still have found  
If persevered in with just zeal profound  
Shall bring peace, comfort, triumph, at the last,  
But they must hope not to 'scape stripe and wound,  
Nor think unscared, to tread Life's dreary waste,  
Nor dream its harsh fruits can, be sweetened to their taste.

## XLIV.

For them do pits innumerable gape

And snares are multiplied—sharp swords are hung  
Over their heads, hair-held, and many a shape

Masked, wreathed, tricked, tinselled o'er, with honeyed  
tongue

Strives to delude, and they are cast among  
Those, who will ever seek to make them share

The shame that burns, the torture that hath wrung,  
The rage, the pain, the hate, and the despair,  
Since hard 't is for the fallen, with the Upright to compare.

## XLV.

How Good and Evil their dread fight maintain

Deep in our deepest heart, nor e'er relax  
Their efforts, but with shock and strife and pain

For mastery seek—now one doth stronger wax  
And now the other, Men's strength is as flax  
If helped not from above—and oft they lean

To Evil, treacherous fiend, who with keen axe  
And fatal knife, all wholesome plants yet green  
Still tries with envious spite, to extirpate close and clean.

## XLVI.

To bear—to do—but chiefly 't is to bear

We must gird up our Souls—nor let us tire  
But still proceed with caution and with care!—

With each expiring moment doth expire  
Existence—what is borne is borne—though dire  
And difficult 't was once to bear—through ill

Through grief, let this console, while high and higher  
Burns our bright hope as near and nearer still  
We press to the great goal—even till our hearts grow  
chill !

## XLVII.

To *be* must be on Earth for aye to *bear*,

To know—to disapprove—if not despise,  
To *do* for ever must be found to *dare*,

To *feel*,—to *suffer* in a soft disguise !

But let us, strong in hope, in faith arise  
And do what may our future bliss ensure,

We yet may feel—and faint not—in the Skies !  
Our Knowledge there may be deep, glad and pure,  
To *be* may there be all, to enjoy—where joys endure !—

## XLVIII.

Keen bitter thoughts distract my Soul from rest,  
Oh ! Soul too troubled and too vexed thou art,  
Too anxiously this heart throbs in my breast,  
Be still—be hushed—thou fond and foolish heart,  
Throw not thyself upon the threatened dart  
It may glance off from thee—solicitous fear  
Doth forestall grief—bear thou thy destined part  
When 't is disclosed !—Deliverance may be near  
When least expected ev'n—it *may* start from thy bier.

## XLIX.

Oh ! Life ! unsolv'd problem that thou art,  
The more thou 'rt studied still the more thou 'rt made  
Deeply, insuperably obscure, we dart  
Our thoughts in thy abyss of gloom and shade  
Through all the clouds and coverings o'er it laid  
By restless Curiosity—still spurred  
And goaded sharply,—and are we repaid ?  
Alas ! more turbid still the more they 're stirred  
Thy Waters grow—we are thus mocked, cheated, foiled,  
deterred !

## L.

Life is a Study to which all may bend

Their Energies most fruitfully, and find

It is a theme, a subject without end !

He shall do service true to Humankind

Who can unloose its Gordian knots close-twined,  
Its complications into Order bring—

Its labyrinthine paths explore, that wind

With many a tortuous turn, and ring round ring,

By subterranean vault, masked rock, and hidden spring !

## LI.

For little 't is we——

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## LII.

Oh ! that I now could teach this heart of mine  
That best, first of Life's blessings, dear Content !  
Then should a brightness o'er my pathway shine  
Nor I in young decrepitude be bent—  
'T is worse than madness when in vile clay pent  
We would be all we dream—or dare affect.

Upon this Earth not every one was sent  
To build an Empire, or to found a Sect,  
Yet few, few, can their own deficiencies detect.

## LIII.

Roses nor Laurels can thy Palms surpass  
Oh honey-sweet Content—a thousand charms  
Are thine that wither not like sun-scorched grass—  
Lo ! the Stern Conqueror proud of feats in arms  
Nought but War's furnace-blast his bosom warms,  
His destinies are writ on iron leaves,  
He towers i' the van of his vile locust-swarms  
Till the Earth astounded round his footsteps heaves—  
And while she lauds his name, she turns aside and  
grieves.

## LIV.

The vain Voluptuary—whose Selfish heart  
Beats but for Pleasure—who at ease reclines  
Untouched by Feeling's glow or Sorrow's smart—  
Ere long each flower that in his Garland twines  
Falls, faded, scentless, inly he repines  
Too soon the vision Happiness hath fled—  
Still on each studied luxury he refines—  
Still Pleasure seeks but finds Regret instead  
Roughening the rose-leaves' folds beneath the Sybarite  
spread !

## LV.

Pride saith, " For me, for me this World behold,  
Shine ! shine ! ye Skies to light me and to cheer,  
Roll on, ye Seas—be all your billows rolled  
To pleasure me and serve, for rich ships steer  
O'er ye their course—with dazzling treasures rare  
Freighted for me ! blaze, Stars of Heaven ! above,  
Great Sun ! for me adjust the varying year,  
Ye Elements ! my slaves and minions prove,  
And all things for my State, in proud Procession move."

## LVI.

Not so saith meek and equable Content,  
Yet all in truth doth unto *her* belong ;  
Nature and her transcendancies are lent  
To her for ever—on her lips the song  
Of praise and not self-boasting, sweet and strong,  
Ascribes to Heaven the glory—round her move  
Bright blessed Spirits of peace—a guardian throng—  
—With heavenliest ministrations still ! meek Dove !  
All, all things are thine own—though not through Pride  
but Love.

## LVII.

More rich thou movest o'er this Earth's varied face—  
More rich than revenue-commanding Kings ;  
Thine is no wayward wish—no causeless chase,  
Nor thine Ambition's scourge—nor Envy's stings :  
Yea—half unconsciously dost *thou* all things  
Possess, that sharest in other's weal,—behold  
How sweet a pleasure in thy calm breast springs,  
Blessed through their bliss, made wealthier with their  
gold,  
Richer than Kings art thou—an hundred, thousand fold.



## LVIII.

Well said the Roman of a by-gone day,

Well said the Roman of a time long past,  
While gazing at the Triumph's long array,  
(Alas ! three hundred such all failed at last) ;

“ Continuance ” 't was it lacked, the laurels cast

Before the Conqueror might be shadowed o'er

By sad reflections, of how soon and fast

The pomp and pride should pass—and be no more—  
Decay, Oblivion, Death, Change, Change these last—  
these four !

## LIX.

These blend with all beneath the Eternal skies,

These mix with all things like the Elements—  
Religions—Dynasties—Philosophies

Are sapped by these—and Man and his intents  
O'erthrown ; alas ! the crazures and the rents,  
The dread confusions and divisions drear—

The o'ershadowings and the undoings, while the  
events

Of Earth come thickening round us, gendering fear,  
Or joy, as even to us, blind Mortals they appear !

## LX.

These four stern Powers in their dim cloudy tents,  
As at the World's four corners seem to sit—  
They that convince without learned Arguments,  
Or florid sophistries of human wit,  
To hear their fearful Edict's, to submit;  
With cozenage strange, they cheat themselves indeed  
(While round them all things fade, or fall, or flit),  
Who can with day-dream hopes their fancies feed  
That aught on Earth can last—their pillar is a reed !

## LXI.

How in this dark Arena of the World  
Do men for evermore engage and strive,  
And seek while Destiny's page is fast unfurled  
The foremost in each daring aim to drive,  
So in a Maelstroom, and a Storm they live,  
Not to be *better*, but *conspicuous* more  
Their quest and object—let them fail or thrive—  
Can aught repay the burthen that they bore,  
While struggling hand to hand in feuds they must  
deplore?

## LXII.

What, what by Notoriety do men gain,  
If Scorn the finger points at them and shame?  
If they have built their pride on others' pain,  
Or compassed on Crime's Catalogue a name?  
Vain shall their triumphs be, as vile their aim—  
Their infamous honours they shall wish away.

How would they compromise with lessened Fame  
The stings of tyrannous Conscience to allay,  
Hate's sharp hissed curse to avert—and blame's loud  
ban to stay.

## LXIII.

Nay ! even men's hollow praises shall a bane  
And mockery grow, if praises may be theirs—  
And though like hollow pleasure they may feign,  
They shall be inly torn with sleepless cares ;  
The vulture whose fierce beak their bosom tears,  
Ever more fierce and strong and pitiless grows,  
Nor respites his tormented prey, nor spares,  
No peace they find—the unhallowed Fame they  
chose,  
Turned evil still shall rack—in verge of their repose.

## LXIV.

Could'st thou but hunt such to their Solitude,  
And view them, without effort or disguise—  
Then should thy breast with more Content imbued  
Thank the indulgent mercies of the Skies  
That kept thee from such triumphs, and such prize  
Then should'st thou, finding the emptiness and dearth  
Of this World's dull and criminal Vanities,  
Seek to partake its melody and mirth  
Without the staining soil, the weight,—the cramp of  
Earth.

## LXV.

He who but for himself would work and stir  
Denies himself the richest blessing quite—  
And doth a miserable chain prefer  
To fairest liberty and range of might—  
To peace, and hope, and feeling and Delight.  
Oh ! let us choose the part more lofty far,  
For others still to feel, in noble spite  
Of slippery Fortune, who shall veil her star  
In vain for us—since we, can her worst efforts mar.

## LXVI.

Since, independent of ourselves almost  
Shall we become, in many another's fate  
Our lot's then deeply cast—nor wholly lost  
Can so our chance of bliss be,—what a freight  
Of hopes we bear—we can retaliate  
Upon our tyrant Fortune,—sweet and new  
Ten thousand precious interests can create  
For every lovely dream she wills to undo—  
Nor vain light fancies these—but feelings brightly true.

## LXVII.

Thus we ourselves can on ourselves bestow  
Such boons as Fortune never could contrive,  
And salutary make our very woe—  
As bees are skilled to treasure in the hive  
The juice of poison-flowers, which they deprive  
Of all its venom—to pure liquid gold—  
Turned by those cunning alchemists! while we live  
Shall we thus glean deep dear delights untold,  
And when we die, shall find these slide not from our  
hold.

## LXVIII.

Could but the ambitious Man, the Mal-content,  
Survey the boundless blessings in his power,  
And the true greatness, lofty and unbent,  
Which might be his in some rewarding hour,  
(Though now perchance the horizon seem to lower)  
If noble means for noble ends, to adopt  
He seek!—the heavenly harvest and blest dower—  
The Victory-wreaths from trees immortal lopped—  
And the everlasting blooms, by streams Celestial cropped,

## LXIX.

Oh! could he but behold these, and survey  
The glorious fields of promise that lie spread  
Before him, if he choose the appointed way,  
And in the paths of Peace and Duty tread—  
Not through the World's choaked ways complacent  
led,  
Where tyrannous Custom holds her iron reign,  
Still stretching all on her Procrustes bed,  
Till of themselves faint semblance they retain,  
So doth she those transform, whom she doth stint or strain!

## LXX.

Could he do this—oh ! how would he despise  
His poor ambition, and his puny aim.  
Lo ! new-discovered Worlds appear the Skies !  
Life's little lottery and contentious game,  
Its frail precarious breath and fluttering flame—  
Of these he thinks—but not as erst he thought  
(With altered feelings and repentant shame)  
When once the heavenly Inspiration's caught,  
And reformation blest within his spirit hath wrought.

## LXXI.

Pranked out in vain pretensions, what we are,  
Nor to ourselves nor others is well known—  
They are too much sundered from us,—*they* are too  
far,  
And *we* ourselves too near ! to One alone,  
Is the inner man completely wholly, shewn ;  
And midst the many that we may much deceive,  
Perchance *none* are by such false treacherous tone  
Duped, as ourselves are ; and we 're doomed to grieve  
O'er such deceit when Fate, her deadly web doth weave.

## LXXII.

Some have been born into this lower Earth  
So high, so glorious, scarce can labouring Fame  
Compass their Greatness—o'er their mortal birth  
They towered—the mighty thoughts which they  
could frame  
Shook, moved the World, their all-immortal name  
Should be our Talisman and Triumph-Cry—  
Not that like them we can Men's Spirits tame  
Or lead, or fire, but that they proved how nigh  
Our clouded Nature is, to Worlds beyond the sky.

## LXXIII.

Though their outshining and excelling powers  
Upraised them far o'er Man's frail mortal state,  
Though their quick minds were gifted more than ours,  
Yet that we can admire, judge, estimate—  
Appreciate thus,—though hope not to imitate,  
Proves us their brethren and their fellows still,  
The more we honour these, the Immortal Great,  
The more our memories and our minds they fill,  
The more we prove our breasts, with fires congenial thrill !



## LXXIV.

Our brethren they ! and though our Souls soar not  
As theirs have done—the likeness and the link  
Fail not—since the Earthly taint and tinge and spot,  
The weight of human clay, which oft will sink  
The loftiest natures, we may justly think  
Were theirs,—how many weaknesses and woes  
Stamped them as men and mortals ! they could shrink  
From pain and sorrow, and implore repose,  
And they could find perchance, Life's happiest part—the  
close !

## LXXV.

The Heavenly Galileo,—he who trod  
Undizzied midst Creation's Mysteries, still  
Was Brother unto the heaviest carle and clod  
That seemed to stagnate, without thought or will—  
Perchance developed far from the dull chill  
Of this low mortal clime shall be at last  
The Powers, that latent lay, and masked, until  
Existence' pettiest portion should be past,  
Until the pilgrim Soul—its fleshly slough should cast.

## LXXVI.

Then may the fettered Spirit be set free !

A thousand Miltons then may higher and higher  
In Inspiration's immortality

Revel sublime, and grasp the sounding lyre

Their bright thoughts tossing on a sea of fire—

A thousand Lockes with ampler field may pore

O'er noblest studies glorious, while to acquire

Fresh Knowledge—shall be ever more and more

To marvel at Heaven's power—to tremble and to adore !

## LXXVII.

Those who have towered above their fellows, not

To enchain them, nor to injure—but to bless

And to improve their changeful human lot,

And sow for them new seeds of Happiness,

They asked not Fame their labours to redress,

Nor worldly good, nor aught that those demand

Who for themselves alone would onwards press,

And seek not to conciliate—but command !—

'T was the blest toil itself, repaid that princely band !

## LXXVIII.

Majesty was their Nature—and their breath  
A royalty of peace—not a keen fire  
'That nought can quench nor cool but icy Death,  
Nor was their Being one wild will to aspire !  
When such as these (since mortal these !) expire,  
Then are their souls seized with the deep true hope !  
And then uplifted from Earth's clayey mire,  
They feel that they no more shall sink or droop,  
In death they lift their heads—'t is but on Earth they  
stoop !

## LXXIX.

When with the wish to exalt and to improve  
Is blent the power, in happiest union rare,  
When Genius twines with philanthropic Love,  
When Man's first interests claim the Aspirant's care,  
How fair the field, how true the triumph there,  
Heaven blesses from the first the pure design,  
Heaven doth in love, their love-taught labours share,  
Such Spirits as those have passed the boundary line  
'Twixt the Earth and Sky—while still, they sought to  
illuminate—*not* shine.

## LXXX.

Such, such have been the Spirits too that have burnt  
Their thoughts into the Eternal Universe,  
And in their Glory and Success but learnt  
Oh! *not* their Strength, their Greatness—the reverse!  
And humbly that deep lesson did rehearse,  
Yet amidst all they taught, still that was found  
Most hard, most vain, to teach! and for their curse  
Thousands, their steps have followed, yet around  
Forborne to look and own, themselves still, cramped—  
held—bound!

## LXXXI.

They in their bright humility, confessed  
Their Nothingness before the Lord of all—  
Yet still on their steep path unfaltering pressed,  
And found the triumph while they felt the thrall.  
He—at whose dread—at whose Commanding Call  
Worlds leapt to life, hath set strict bounds below—  
But glorious was their failure, proud their fall,  
(For their Success, their Victory must seem so  
To Him!)—if these His Might, his Greatness served to  
show.

## LXXXII.

Yea—if, even in the coil and soil of dust,  
They to the Eternal's service might be vowed,  
Their bonds were bright—their Nothingness august—  
Their fleeting evanescence blest—and proud  
That Nothingness, Omnipotence could shroud  
Even with Itself!—with Grace, Strength, Glory, Power,  
Until they passed off like a melting cloud  
Into that Vastness, which their thoughts would scour  
In vain, in Life's strait Yoke—its brief and feverish hour.

## LXXXIII.

They—though they felt their present Nothingness—  
Rejoiced in boundless hopes that soared sublime,  
Hopes that might well console and richly bless—  
And save them from the rough assaults of Time,  
And from the rigours of this mortal clime,  
The proffered pardon and the promised joy  
Upheld them through this World of gloom and  
crime—  
They knew its sweetest witcheries could destroy,  
And strenuously eschewed each glittering gaude and toy.

## LXXXIV.

They whetted their great Energies on the Hope  
Of Universal Usefulness—their steep Aims  
They wreaked on Execution! could *they* droop  
Whose hallowed purpose was to give their names  
Unto that noblest of all Earthly Fames,  
That which speaks with a common daily Voice—  
Leagued with no fierce, foul deeds, no blushing shames,  
That bids the enlightened Nations to rejoice—  
Oh! who, but would that *could*, make *such* Fame their  
own choice?

## LXXXV.

Nothing am I in Life's tempestuous whirl  
Save a most mute Spectator—nothing am  
Midst all its stir, and desperate strife, while curl  
Its billows round me—they which know no dam,  
Nor sprinkleth me their spray, nor crush nor jam  
My form, those rocks that ever frown around,  
While angry Water-Spouts refalling ram  
Down to the Abyss those strugglers that are bound  
In Selfishness supreme, till their deep grave is found!

## LXXXVI.

So to be nothing is't not to be all?

Unfettered by vain selfish thoughts or aims,  
And living through all things as though the call  
Of Death's dread voice had sounded, that which tames  
The loftiest to the lowliest, when our frames  
Are elements consigned to elements—

And when our spirits rush like wind toss'd flames  
Even to rejoin the Universe, and vents  
Find in a myriad worlds—for their Earth-checked intents!

## LXXXVII.

How stilly is this Operation dread

Of the vast Universe, the slightest sound,  
The echo of a whisper, soft is shed  
Upon the air, my foot-fall on the ground  
Is loud, yet on their awful wondrous round  
Prescribed, uncounted Worlds stupendous go  
Conjointly with our own, their is no bound  
To the dread marvels that do round us flow,  
In one continuous stream, not shallow and not slow.

## LXXXVIII.

Man hath within his Soul some thoughts that seem  
As planted there by Heaven *for* Heaven alone,  
And ever and anon vague as some dream  
They stir within his spirit and a tone  
And token grow, and are a Symbol shown  
Of his high origin and glorious end,  
Yet shall not bear their fruit, nor blush full-blown,  
Till Death, that mighty Husbandman befriend  
And snatch him to that clime, towards which all footsteps  
tend.

## LXXXIX.

Thrice-radiant visions ! all-bewitching dreams !  
The Oasis-spots in life's long dreary waste—  
The honeyed fountains midst its brackish streams—  
The flower-wreaths midst its wild-weed growths of  
haste,  
The priceless gems that have the stern fronts graced  
Of deep and arbitrary Destinies,  
The ambrosial, glad Enchantments brightly placed  
'Mongst iron Life's cold hard Realities,  
The banquets of the Soul—the blossoms of the Skies.



## XC.

My best-loved friends, mine only flatterers be  
Ever 'twixt me and the obdurate Real, stand—  
No proud Enchanter ere more rapt could see  
The outshining wonders that obeyed his wand,  
Than I, the Worlds that rise at my command—  
Oh! my bless'd Empires—my sweet Realms of Light,  
My Jewel-hoards, my Mines, my Fairy-Land!  
My Court, my Counsellors, my Winged Armies bright,  
Dazzling to the o'er-wrought soul as noon-suns to the  
sight!

## XCI.

No! never came at the olden Magians' call  
Such wondrous pomps—spread in such rich display,  
As crowd upon my Soul—thrice-glorious all—  
In proud successions and sublime array—  
Bright sea-like suns—whose splendours ray by ray  
Break o'er the thought, like waves upon the strand,  
(That leave it sparkling, lustrous even as they  
Are lustrous—till one diamond gleams the sand)  
And Worlds on Worlds shine there,—too radiant to be  
scanned.

## XCII.

Midst the disruption of all dearest ties,  
These only tempered my torn soul to bear,  
These and submission to the Eternal Skies,  
Else had I sunk beneath the inflicted care,  
And my life's fire had smouldered in despair;  
But I was so sustained and so inspired,  
And did that iron in my spirit wear  
Calmly, howe'er oppressed, and wrung, and tired—  
Nor did Endurance fail—nor Hope herself expired.

## XCIII.

The more o'er-clouded mine Horizon grew,  
The more I wooed the Ideal's sweet unveiled sun—  
The fiercer round me Life's loud tempests blew,  
To agitate and vex, and shake and stun,  
Till comforts were but few—and pleasures none—  
The more I cherished in my bosom's core  
The heavenly halcyon calm that soothed and won  
My heart to peace, that calm which brightly wore  
Those winged, deep, smiling dreams, that blessed me  
evermore.

## XCIV.

Such thoughts as these became my life of life—  
My joy—my trust—my stay—my all in all—  
They saved me from much sorrow, and more strife;  
For mine was not a mind to endure the thrall  
Of this world's despotism, and ice and gall  
My chill'd embittered blood had been, if won  
To enter in the lists where thousands fall  
And few succeed—yes, I had been undone  
But for those gentle dreams, that o'er my spirit shone.

## XCV.

What though at times my being they disturbed,  
And troubled all the waters of my soul,  
Soon—soon I charmed them down, and calmly curbed  
My mood till thence the stormy wildness stole;  
What though at times they shook my being's whole,  
And a distraction and a fever grew,  
Yet their departure had become the knoll  
Of all my Happiness, and I had few  
Hopes to afford to lose, though those I had proved true.

## XCVI.

Yes, this has saved me—this, and this alone,  
From the Agitation and the Agony  
That all too surely my quick heart had known,  
Had I mid this world's waste been doomed to sigh;  
But so to roam beneath a glorious sky  
Peopled with my own dreams, and to infuse  
My spirit through all Nature, and mine eye  
To turn unwearyingly on her, and muse  
On her for ever, yields, delight I ne'er can lose.

## XCVII.

What wondrous difference shews 'twixt man and man!  
There you behold one of a towering mind—  
Yet with his honours meekly borne; you scan  
No wretched arrogance inflated—blind  
And loathsome in the loftiest *there*—nor find  
Repulse of selfishness, but all is just,  
Pure, open, true—and here you mark refined  
And hateful Egotism, and Pride that must  
In Wisdom's Eyes cast down, their bold claims to the  
dust.

## XCVIII.

Some Men do seem to elevate and raise

Us to themselves in lieu of seeking much  
To abase and trample on, to them be praise !

'T is they who have felt the real awakening touch  
Of lofty genius, and 't is true that such  
More noble make us by their presence high—

And its supreme contagion vouch, oh ! vouch  
This bright truth, Ye ! who have ever lingered nigh  
The Exalted of the Earth, till ye too trod the sky.

## XCIX.

As Persia's minstrel did so sweetly say

In the olden time with tenderness and force,  
That the rich Rose enriched the commonest clay—

So our minds feel that while the inspired discourse  
Of such men stirs in us the impassioned source  
Of admiration, they do make us glow

With almost kindred feelings—the remorse  
Of Approbation shall even, softly flow  
Through envious minds at length, those little minds  
and low.

## C.

But these are the true Noble—the real Great—

Indulgent, generous, open as the day—

Not coldly vain, nor pompously elate,

Nor overweeningly fastidious—say,

Can we ere fear that such minds will betray,  
That such can mock, or such mislead—ah no !

Large are their views and straight their shining way,  
And Gladly would they share with all below

The immortal Hopes they feel—the exalted Truths they  
know.

## CI.

Alas ! that Genius ever should be found

Commixed with villanous qualities and base,  
Scattering a thousand specious plagues around—

Instead of brightening all Earth's dædal face,

And showering blessings o'er the human race—

Though circling all with its own magic zone—

Still clasping all in pestilent embrace,

With proudest gifts and noblest powers their own,  
That mighty minds should e'er — Corruption teach  
alone !

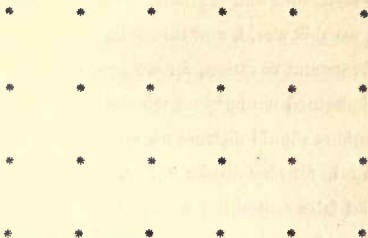
## CII.

To thousands, millions, myriads, even may be  
Fatal, their flexile, flattering theories vain !  
With varying tastes framed artfully to agree—  
Those plausible and Proteus doctrines gain  
A host of followers—yet do these retain  
Their ill-got influence?—no, awhile believed,  
Or wilfully adopted—their dire reign  
Continueth—but ere long all undeceived  
Their fond Admirers mourn, of every hope bereaved.

## CIII.

As fireworks cast into a summer sky,  
Awhile to affront the stars and then to sink,  
To perish into ashes and to die—  
So do their thoughts tend to Destruction's brink;  
A moment brilliant they may seem to drink  
The brightness from all ancient Truths—but soon  
Relapse to darkness and to fragments shrink—  
Their light was not their own—an ominous boon,  
And thus they have fallen away, as dew-drops dried at  
noon.

## CIV.



## CV.

It is a sorrow—but it must be borne—

To feel Doubt darkening more, Hope growing less,  
 To mingle still mid things we have learned to scorn,  
 To brunt the churme, the shock, the throng, the press  
 Of mortals—when that bubble Happiness  
 Hath burst in our foiled grasp, oh! when to steel  
 The heart is vain, we still prove—still possess—  
 Still bear, and know, seek, toil, trust, fear, and feel,  
 Then, then we are taught keen pangs, no language can  
 reveal.



## CVI.

How oft mistaking and misunderstood

Walk we this world, and this doth fill our years  
With sorrow and vexation, for we brood

Over imagined wrongs—or we shed tears

That others should distrust us, all this wears  
Delusion oft, for *they* dislike not *us*,

But that false something which to them appears  
To be ourselves,—and we too blunder thus,  
Judging them ill—on Earth to judge is hazardous.

## CVII.

Our slightest actions may assume in sooth

A thousand different colourings unto eyes  
Prejudiced and distempered, and the truth

Of the veiled motive's feature, who descries?

Not the earthly-minded—not the worldly-wise !  
Not as they *are* they're seen, but as the mood

Of others may distort them, and disguise—

Thus We grope on, through Evil, and through Good,  
Misunderstanding oft—and oft misunderstood !

## CVIII.

Could we be lenient as we would be spared,  
    Could we extend the indulgence that we claim  
To others—Discord's dread torch, which hath flared  
    So fiercely through all time, that torch whose flame  
    Seems from the infernal element caught, should tame  
And lowly sink, and harmony and peace  
    And confidence and joy should sweetly blame  
The too, too speedy hours for their short lease,  
Since happiness and love, like all besides must cease.

## CIX.

Though words and works may widely differ here,  
    Let us content ourselves with scrupulous care  
To examine evermore our own, in fear  
    And watchfulness, and studiously compare—  
    Conscientiously o'erlook them, so that there  
May lurk no error nor discrepancy,  
    But all be open—candid, frank and fair  
As we wish those of others even should be,  
So let *our* works and words, at least be found to agree.

## CX.

Fear not for evermore the ambushed Snare  
Lingering with wakeful eye, and watchful ear,  
Nor ever in self-torturing doubt prepare  
'Gainst dark remote Contingencies !—in fear  
Weigh not all possible chances still 'gainst clear  
Plain simple seemings ; there are some who make  
A policy of their feelings, and who steer  
So carefully, that they no pleasure take  
Nor give in life—but keep, Suspicion's eyes awake !

## CXI.

This World's Vexations and distractions may  
Perplex, but let us still trust to the Skies,  
And so our life shall calmer glide away.  
Weak—wrong—are they who deem they 're very  
wise  
To blunt all youthful Sensibilities,  
The World will do that for them, and too soon—  
Much, much I pity him who ever lies  
In fear of being deceived—the rolling Moon  
Beholds him sleepless still—in fear he walks at Noon.

## CXII.

All passes—but a little, little while

And all we most could feel, shall we forget—

Safe from the cold chicane of human guile,

And worse, the snares by tempting dæmons set,

Malice' fell sneer and open Hatred's threat

Shall grieve no more—but while on *Earth*, we must

Endure the checks and crosses all have met,

And see our dearest hopes borne down to dust,

Broken our tenderest ties—deceived our fondest  
trust.

## CXIII.

All through the same ordeals must pass below ;

But in what manner they through these may pass

Shall stamp and fix their future weal or woe—

Aye all is light as air and frail as glass,

Fickle as clouds—and fleeting ev'n as grass ;

But mighty consequences shall arise

From these slight things—though we are too apt, alas !

To avoid such thoughts—all, all that tempts, that tries—

That purifies, corrects—is sent us from the skies.

## CXIV.

Let these things animate—let these things aid  
And not o'erwhelm us, nor surprise, nor grieve ;  
Let us be confident and not dismayed,  
And Fortune's buffet patiently receive—  
So may the crown of thorns that she may weave,  
Bud into roses round our brows at last—  
So may we calmly wait our long reprieve,  
Nor shudder, nor shrink back, nor cower aghast,  
Whate'er the Future is—we know 'twill be the Past.

## CXV.

There is indeed satiety of joy—  
There is satiety of sorrow too !  
Her draughts of bitterness can sickening cloy,  
And so we turn to seek for something new ;  
Though like a fond uneasy nurse, she through  
Our paths appointed follow, we escape  
From her from time to time, and then we strew  
Flowers round our franchised footsteps, and we shape  
A thousand passionate dreams—and our past selves do  
ape !

## CXVI.

Begone pale Sorrow ! take thy leaden hand

From off my heart ! Its pulses *must* be free.—

Oh ! but 't would feel, and prove, and understand,

And pierce all folds of mighty mystery—

But thus o'erborne and checked, and chained of thee,

It knows not, may not see,—all seemeth cast

In darkest mould—all mocks its search—to be

Unchained is its chief prayer,—oh Grief, at last

Depart,—come Future, come, and 'venge the embittered

Past !

## CXVII.

I deemed at last I was full deeply skilled

To more than cloak my feelings—to controul—

To be but what I planned and what I willed,

The master of mine own well-governed Soul,

Of all my being—of my feeling's whole—

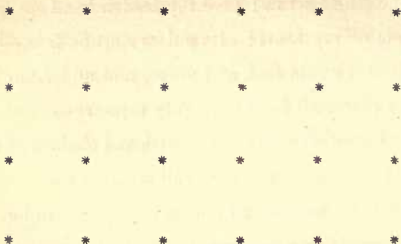
A dream and a delusion ! and I sigh

To think how such vain clouds about us roll—

A thaw hath come o'er my Philosophy—

I am but what I was—must I thus live—thus die ?

## CXVIII.



## CXIX.

Vexed are the Nations now—a murmur comes

Upon the troubled air, dull deep and low,

As it arose from the Under-world of tombs—

And who its meaning to the full doth know?

A thousand Changes seem to impend below,

For Good or Evil, who shall dream or tell?

Who, who shall the End of these strange ferments  
show,

'Tis dark, 't is cloudy—hark ! like a dread knell

Of all things ancient—known, that sound might seem to swell.

## CXX.

Now Men would rule their Rulers, and do judge  
The Authorities above them, and would tower  
High o'er the Exalted of the Land—and grudge  
To all besides the privilege and the power—  
The feverish rage doth every breast devour—  
But Time in his progressive course shall show  
How vain the favourite fallacies of the hour,  
Could those who claim proud Independence know  
How near that envied state, are they—are all—below !

## CXXI.

Man's Government's indeed in his own breast,  
Kings, Senates, Constitutions, Laws, in truth  
Leave this fact still unchanged ; and deeply blest  
Is he in age and in a rational youth  
Who feels this strongly : from the inspired mouth  
Of Sages old hath this not been declared ?  
For others and yourselves feel then more ruth  
Than thus to desolate what time has spared,  
Than thus to raze the shrines, and towers your Fathers  
reared.



## CXXII.

'T were wiser would you leave things all untouched  
And seek to improve your faulty inner state,  
(Though proud in sooth the exalted aim avouched)  
And make ye worthier of a loftier fate !  
Than thus to seek to anticipate the date  
When such desired Advancement shall become  
And beneficially promote you,—wait,  
Oh ! wait awhile—till the opening blush and bloom  
Mellow to ripened fruit—nor tempt a headlong doom.

## CXXIII.

Light bubbles have ere this been chased and clutched—  
Pause ! nor too rashly your own strength o'errate,  
Why seek ye to be stilted, propped, and crutched ?  
But 't is the day's wild freak to lay strange weight  
On the *outward* things—and miserably to abate  
Zeal in the inner ! Oh ! that it were not so,  
Then might the Good be honoured as the Great,  
Peace might then shed her rosiest smiles below,  
And Piety and Love, decrease our sum of Woe !

## CXXIV.

But so it is—and evil 't is and ill—

Men's minds—while signs and portents round them lower—  
Still superficially—to Externals still

Directed seem—Heaven's richest Manna shower  
Of Plenty's blessings were distasteful, sour,  
To those who crave excitement. Lo ! the cry

For Freedom is, should it not be for Power?

For *this* men Treason take for their ally—

And Faction, Discord, Strife, bar Earth from the orient sky.

## CXXV.

The Actors and the Acts seem great and proud

In these momentous times—yet Man's affairs  
Are ever mixed with petty things ;—avowed

Are loftiest aims, but many a bosom shares

The meanest feelings, and most selfish cares.

Could it be otherwise—then forth might shine

O'er every Land a star whose clear light bears

Hope and assurance on its beam divine,

Blest Freedom, thy bright star—that gilds pure Virtue's  
shrine !

## CXXVI.

In these times all Men boasting seem to claim,  
That all beside should unto them defer—  
Their judgments, though most impotent and lame,  
They still to all the world's too much prefer!  
And in the coil—and the distracting stir—  
The wrath—the rage—all struggle—and each strives!  
O'er others still a contumelious slur  
To cast, each seeks, each at the sole aim drives  
To be the first, and best,—how oft the unworthiest  
thrives!

## CXXVII.

England, my Country! doubtless it is well  
For all states in firm friendship to remain,  
And as a Commonwealth of Nations dwell;  
Nor seek each other or to thwart or chain,  
And yet I scarce can see without some pain,  
Gaul's blood-steeped hand stretched forth and grasped  
by thine,  
Too recent and too deadly is the stain,  
That marks her;—severed by old Ocean's brine,  
Let us not seek with her, too strictly close to entwine.

## CXXVIII.

Treacherous—inconstant—to *herself* she is,  
How may we hope to *us* she will prove true,  
Veering and varying with each changeful breeze,  
Are trust and confidence indeed her due?  
Empress of Ocean! Nature's hint pursue,  
And even in Amity divided still  
Remain—or sorely, vainly may'st thou rue—  
Those broadly-sundering Waters that fulfil  
Heaven's fixed design—and hest,—they are no scant  
wandering rill!

## CXXIX.

Upon that Ocean let thy Flag supreme  
Wave still—keep—Albion! keep—thine ancient sway  
Stand sunlike lone, though all bask in thy beam!—  
Yon mighty masts are pillars whose proud stay  
Upholds thy Realm!—towards Heaven they shoot—  
as they  
Would like Conductors o' the armed Lightnings be—  
The armed Lightnings of that Heaven's roused wrath away  
From thy sweet shores—brave Armaments!—how ye,  
Proclaim she still would reign—inviolate, great and free!

## CXXX.

Yea ! like Conductors of the winged Lightnings fierce—  
Of the oft-waked wrath divine from our loved Land,  
While to the o'ershadowing clouds they lance-like pierce  
Towering aloft—those proud pines seem to stand ;  
How many—when distant from their native strand  
Have at their foot fallen low !—while safe and far  
In flourishing Peace and prosperous Quiet bland  
Unharm'd by all the shocks and scathes of War  
Their Island-home remained—girt with its billowy bar.

## CXXXI.

Yet fallen as Conquerors too ! that Voice which spoke  
That dread behest—which gave them to their grave,  
Bade that 'midst Victory's sunbursts the fierce stroke  
Of Fate should fall—full oft !—so 'midst the Brave,  
Trafalgar's Hero perished on the wave—  
The Eternal Hand chastening in blessing took  
Our Country's Idol-treasure then—and gave  
A dear-bought triumph—till the awed nation shook  
Pondering the grace vouchsafed—and the eloquent stern  
rebuke !

## CXXXII.

England, crown'd England ! while one Bark of thine  
Walks the old Ocean—the all-imperial Sea  
Casting its giant shadows o'er the brine,  
Surely that winged and bannered Bark shall be  
That Ocean's proud Palladium ! still be free—  
Be mighty, England ! be thy sacred shore  
Still the bless'd haunt of Godlike Liberty !  
But thus to be, be as thou wert before,  
Be as thou still hast been—now and for evermore !

## CXXXIII.

Vexed are the Nations now, the heroic Land,  
The chivalrous, renowned, poetic Spain  
In many a hostile and determined band  
Sees her own Children formed, the red red rain  
That deeply bathes each fair and smiling plain  
Is all her heart's blood; will those wounds ne'er close ?  
The Lusian, for awhile may seem to feign  
Contentment—peace—but in such outward shows  
Can we put faith where late, War's deadliest Standard  
rose ?

## CXXXIV.

In Italy—ten thousand smothered fires  
Like those in their own stern Vesuvius' breast  
Her Sons confess—the Spirits of their Sires  
Would they resume? nor longer sink, oppressed  
In idlesse vain, and ignominious rest—  
Would they now bare the steel and brace the helm,  
And strive the enslaving foe, whom they detest—  
With one proud, fearful, glorious blaze to o'erwhelm—  
Whose twilight should gild even, the Sun of their bright  
Realm !

## CXXXV.

Mine own sweet Country ! what is like to thee,  
Even now though cloudy Discord for awhile\*  
Obscure thine aspect's holy brilliancy—  
And chase the living glories of thy smile—  
Matchless, triumphant, Beatific Isle !  
Oh ! may that smile return—that gloom depart—  
The deep o'erflowing of the all-hallowed Nile  
Of kindred blood within, ere long each heart  
Shall surely softening, melt, and heal each jealous smart.

\* Written during a period of popular commotion.



## CXXXVI.

Where'er I go—where'er I have ever been,  
Whate'er I have found to approve and to admire  
In distant lands disjointed, in alien scene—  
Can but more fan the patriotic fire  
Within my Soul, and raise it proudly, higher—  
My Country ! 't was thine own unaided might,  
Thy pure ambition and thy large desire  
That raised thee too thine all pre-eminent height,  
And made thee shine supreme, robed round with Glory's  
light.

## CXXXVII.

Not the all indulged, and spoiled and favourite child  
Wert thou of Nature, like Ausonia's Land—  
All matchless in her wane, and, in her wild  
A prodigy of luxuriance !—though the brand  
Of Shame be on her brow—the heavy hand  
Of Despotism upon her bowed neck—yet  
How fair she shines, as though the Enchanter's wand  
Waved o'er her—well may all but she forget,  
That 't is the *Oppressor's* scourge,—and must that proud  
sun set ?



## CXXXVIII.

Oh, Italy ! who is he that can roam  
Cold, uninspired through fields and groves like thine?  
Like Heaven—like Heaven, thou universal home  
For all Mankind—since to thy haunts divine  
They hurrying throng—as pilgrims to the shrine  
To see how glorious Nature can be made—  
How Art can even with undimmed lustre shine  
By her celestial Sister's side—arrayed  
In Mind's own Light divine—without a spot or shade.

## CXXXIX.

I have looked from thy flowered fields, through thy  
clear air  
Up to the pomp of thy thrice glorious Skies—  
I have loved all, all thou hast of bright and fair  
I have worshipped with deep inarticulate sighs,  
Fervent as prayers when *they* too speechless rise,  
All that thou hast of sacred—ruinous gloom,  
Till ached with Adoration, heart and eyes,  
I have mused midst thy dread World of Shadows,  
Rome !  
And hailed thy last-born Pride—thine Apostolic Dome.

## CXL.

Yea ! I have looked on thee, most glorious pile ;  
In moonlight and in sunshine, or when gloom  
Frowned round—or twilight touched thee with pale smile.

Thy gates once passed—the great gates of the tomb  
Seem also passed ! and our brief years of doom  
Accomplished, for even like the vestibule

Of Heaven art thou, and in thee there is room  
For boundless thoughts ! though sense be made the tool  
Through which the inspired, freed Soul, can shake off  
Earth's dull rule.

## CXLI.

Rome ! Rome ! time was when thy great Freeman's  
swords

Swayed all ! Time was when thy proud Pontiffs placed  
On mountainous Eminence, as Chiefs and Lords

Of Earth's religious Polity—ev'n as graced

With powers unearthly that *all* power embraced,  
As Soldans of the World's great Soul, high reared

Their Mitred heads—stretched forth their hands and  
traced

Their laws on every land—the obeyed, the feared —  
The Earth's all Imperial Ark, at their own will they steered.

## CXLII.

And thou ! sweet Florence ! on thy smiling stream,  
Thy graceful Arno, thou hast many a claim  
To fondest admiration ! many a Dream  
Of joy arises at thy gentlest name—  
The Heavenly Venus of all beauteous fame  
With glorified enchantment on her brow,  
Whose sov'ran aspect might a Savage tame  
And teach a dæmon, Love's sweet charm to avow !  
And thou, rare pictured form—transcendant Sybil—thou !

## CXLIII.

Looking on thee, what deep emotions dart  
Through the thrilled soul that yields to their soft  
might,  
What gentle throbbings heave the o'ermastered heart—  
While the air around thee grows one flood of light,  
What Spirit in thine eyes sits throned and bright ?  
We feel, we feel, from Earth's gross bondage free,  
We rivet upon thee our raptured sight—  
'Tis rapture all ! for *thou* seem'st Heaven to see,  
And *we*, we are gazing thus, all breathlessly on thee !

## CXLIV.

Thy look doth more—transcendantly doth more  
Than Music's rapt Cecilia did, I deem,  
With all her charms and powers inspired of yore ;  
The Angel left for those Heaven's cloudless beam,  
But thou mak'st Earth unto our golden dream,  
A very Heaven indeed, and from thine eyes  
Do we receive the impressions that so teem  
Upon our spirits that they ascend the skies,  
Yet scarcely know the while, how high and far they rise !

## CXLV.

I have left thee now, Oh ! Inspiration's Land  
Cærulean, sunny, bright Ausonia—yea  
I have left thee now for my loved native strand,  
But thy sweet name is writ with every ray  
Of thine own sunshine on my heart—to essay  
To blot it thence were vain—though thus won back  
To each old familiar and accustomed way,  
Those wonted ways perchance some charms may lack,  
But still we glide again, into the habitual track.

## CXLVI.

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## CXLVII.

Life hath but little change—dull sameness 't is—

The trivial change it hath 's monotonous—

A little fear and hope—some pain, small bliss,

Are not our destinies analogous?—

Yet—yet there is Variety for us—

Each in his secret bosom may behold

The Mirror of Great Nature—luminous

Or dark—according to the mystic mould

In which *his* Nature's cast—till Life's brief tale is told.

## CXLVIII.

Within, within may change perchance be found,  
Without—but little difference seems to be ;  
Through thrice-refined Society look round—  
What on its polished surface may you see,  
Save dull Mediocrity's monotony?  
And if by accident some bright ray dart  
Through all the chill and torpor, quick and free,  
The mind whence that flashed forth soon learns its part,  
Soon arms itself with all, the subtle powers of art !

## CXLIX.

Art ! thou'rt right lovely in thy proper place,  
Right lovely and right wond'rous—but thou art vile  
Upon the living field of human face.  
With thine elaborate cunning and cold wile,—  
Most loathsome of all things—detested guile !  
Art ! that on Earth thou mightest be put to shame  
With thy false show, and florid, flourished style—  
I shudder at the whisper of thy name,—  
Would, would that all might learn, to avow and feel the  
same.

## CL.

Oh! in some Souls there is sublimely found  
A fire—an action—a bright zeal's excess—  
A scope—a spring—a vehemence without bound;  
A Passion and a sense of Power which dress  
Existence with a pomp of Consciousness!  
Enthusiasm hath done the part of Death  
With these—to each dim, each far, each veiled recess  
Of the Universe they pierce—above—beneath—  
The Infinites they rejoin, i' the days of Mortal breath!

## CLI.

Such glorious souls, such gifted minds as these—  
Their great thoughts will not miserably tame down—  
Because all round them doth in torpor freeze;  
Nor can they, shrinking from the World's harsh frown  
Their radiant natures tremblingly disown—  
Art was not made for them—they cannot seem  
That which they are not—though untowardly thrown  
'Mongst those who mine and countermine and scheme  
Distrusting each the rest—barred even from self-esteem.

## CLII.

Through clouds and darkness spread on every side  
We take our difficult and dubious way,  
Too oft impatient of a better guide  
Than our own Reason with its feeble ray  
That just around our path doth flickering play  
Only to cast a darkness more intense  
O'er the awful Mysteries which the Sons of clay  
With their weak faculties and bounded sense  
Can never pierce ! deep—dread—o'erpowering and im-  
mense.

## CLIII.

That Reason was but given to us to illume  
Our temporary track and passage here—  
When o'er dim time— and far beyond the tomb  
And high above this low and petty sphere  
We would direct our gaze, 't is Faith must clear  
Our clouded, darken'd eyes—Faith—which alone  
Can be our beacon, when we fain would steer  
'Mongst hidden marvels, Faith which even hath flown  
Where Knowledge ne'er can reach, to the Everlasting  
Throne.



## CLIV.

We cannot understand ourselves—strange 't is  
That man should seek his Maker to detect—  
All fathomless *our* springs of pain and bliss,  
And can we in fatuity expect  
To search His Being? if we are bleakly wrecked  
On the despair of a bright Faith undone  
That awful punishment may Heaven direct  
As meetest for our Sin!—thus, thus we have won  
But ignorance more complete—struck blind by that dread  
Sun.

## CLV.

How dare we hope to sound that Boundlessness—  
Which hath nor length nor breadth nor depth nor  
height,  
To reach that Majesty's supreme Excess—  
Far easier 't were to grasp and weigh the Light,  
To paint the Wind on its mysterious flight,  
Than to trace that Existence—far beyond  
The Arch-angel's comprehension—keenly bright,  
Let us forsake rash fancies crude and fond,  
Nor with presumption soar—nor with weak faith despond.

## CLVI.

Still let us be content to adore—not know—

Oh ! what wert Thou could we unravel thee !

Yea ! let us humbly be content, below

To acknowledge Thou still unapproached must be,

And make ourselves thy favoured Family.

Enough on Earth remains for us to do—

For our brief span is not Eternity,

Our days are short, and rapid as they are few,

And soon our little lease is dimly hurried through.

## CLVII.

A mote in the eye can shut out the great Sun

Borne on his thousand thousand golden wheels,

A slight sound close to the ear can sting and stun—

A vague doubt which the heart within us feels

Can bar us from the Universe !—So steels

The Soul 'gainst strong Conviction some Caprice

Of reasoning most fallacious, and so seals

Our doom—some ignoble and petty vice

That hides from jaundiced eyes—Good's noblest Edifice.

## CLVIII.

How strictly should we look through our own minds—  
Our own deceitful hearts, day after day—  
Where Sin innate, inherent—binds and blinds,  
And countless passions stand in dread array  
Leave one unchecked, how soon its reckless sway  
Spreads fierce confusion and distraction round—  
In the ominous Conflagration, each sweet ray  
Of truth, peace, hope, is lost—while without bound  
It onward sweeps—and all bowed to its rule is found.

## CLIX.

Alas! even thus a slight Grief oft hath power  
To embitter all the comforts that we share,  
To o'ercloud the present and the future hour,  
And fill our days with suffering and with care,  
Till drop by drop, too surely doth it wear  
The withering heart away.—I have known such grief,  
And I have known too the phrenzies of Despair,  
And though awhile its rage may spurn relief,  
This last is easier borne—since its fierce reign is brief.

## CLX.

Wherefore this change and whence? I deemed 't was past,  
 I deemed 't was all, all o'er—little we know  
 Or what we are or may become!—at last  
 I feel how we deceive—in bliss or woe—  
 Ourselves profoundly ever—and bestow  
 Care infinite such deceit to improve; dark Life,  
 Thou web of wonders! onwards as I go  
 The more dost thou perplex me; thou art rife  
 Of endless mysteries still, or in thy calm or strife.

## CLXI.

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## CLXII.

Joy lit his torch a moment in my path  
To show me but my Grief's extreme extent,  
My Grief of After and Before ! that breath,  
That sweet and summer breath appeared but lent  
To bring forth tenderest blooms—soon to be blent  
With all the faded flowers of Love and Hope  
Which were the reliques—without hue or scent  
Of hours like them all withered—let them droop  
And die as those have done !—with fate no more I cope.

## CLXIII.

Hence, hence, misleading Hope !—no more intrude,  
Leave me ! too faithless Hope !—for thou hast done  
Worse mischief in an hour than grief hath brewed  
In years—leave me—Oh ! most perfidious One,  
Oh ! Irresistible !—to lean upon  
Thy staff—a spear, to clasp thy rock—a rack,  
Too fondly I have been, and still am prone,  
But I will hunt thee to thine aërie back,  
Thy far nest in the clouds, though all beneath look black !

## CLXIV.

Sorrow ! I choose thee—court thee—am all thine,  
Thy pensive charms have deeply, wholly won  
My heart and soul—and all that is of mine  
I would be thine, pale shadowy Queen alone !  
Hope—restless and deceitful, hence, begone—  
I banish thee with thy too constant train  
Of doubts and fears and pangs—'tis lost, 'tis flown,  
The only Star that could with tranquil reign  
Govern my Soul's deep tides—I demand back my pain !

## CLXV.

To occupy and fill a feeling heart  
There is enough in ever varied life  
Without enacting a conspicuous part—  
Without commingling in its noisy strife,  
If once Endurance hath with keen cold knife  
Lopped off the excrescences of selfish hope  
And a sweet form hath risen—like Pluto's wife,  
Smiling o'er Life's stern Stygian gloom to stoop,  
Whose name Submission is—then, then no more we  
droop ;

## CLXVI.

Then gush the deep heart's hallowed Springs again,  
For others 't is we feel—fain would we learn  
Or to redress their sufferings and their pain  
Or sympathizingly with them to mourn  
Nor proudly ask for Gratitude's return,  
Let us ne'er think of that, nor dare to expect !  
Yet shall we most indisputably earn  
A solemn, sweet reward, nor shall be wrecked  
On the worst, dreariest shore—of harsh self-disrespect.

## CLXVII.

When from our hold our long-loved treasures slip—  
Oh ! when we strip our Idols of their dress,  
'T where better did we our own folly strip,  
For our own folly and our own excess  
Have wrought us harm and manifold distress ;  
Fate may pursue us angrily below,  
But we ourselves do oft-times darkly press  
The yoke of stern Adversity and Woe  
More on our shoulders still—as we would have it so !

## CLXVIII.

We are the fools of our own foolish hearts—

The Slaves of our own Vanity's excess—

And lay our bosoms open to the darts'

And stings of Fortune thus, too blindly—yes,

Our phantasies—our frailties none may guess—

They may not numbered be by mortal tongue,

The veil—the enshrouding veil we may confess

Were well withdrawn o'er our false Idols flung,

'T were better were that raised—which o'er ourselves  
hath hung !

## CLXIX.

Our weakness—our vanities—rest sure

Are ever our most dire and deadly foes ;

If we would seek and find for ills a Cure,

We must arise from perilous repose,

And the Actual State of our own Minds disclose

Even to ourselves, that by the roots we may

Pluck up the plant of Evil ere it grows

Too strong and stubborn our weak hands to obey,

All undecaying then, save with our Own decay.



## CLXX.

Ten thousand trifles fling their clouds of dust  
In our duped eyes ; and with close trammels bind—  
In lightest toys we place our solemn trust,  
To our immortal interests madly blind ;  
We hurry on in hope at length to find  
That which we promise to ourselves until  
In the creation of our own vain mind  
We do put faith, and seek with stubborn Will  
That Paradise unseen—of our Pretension still.

## CLXXI.

The Paradise of our Presumption !—which  
We deem we should possess, as though thou wert,  
Happiness—our own sweet fee, bright and rich !  
Oh ! Happiness ! our due and our desert !  
We dare dream that, supine and all inert  
We thus shall merit thee ! rash fancy vain !  
While haughtily and fiercely heaves the heart  
Defyingly 'gainst earthly ills and pain,  
But these shall come and must, with Death too in their  
train.

## CLXXII.

There are, who from the worst of Slavery freed—  
The Slavery of the Tyrannous treacherous will,  
Devote each hour, each thought, each word, and deed  
Unto the good of others—and fulfil  
Nobly their destinies—and finely thrill  
With high and holy and august desires,  
These, nothing know of the benumbing chill  
Of narrow Selfishness—their Soul aspires  
To free and airy heights, nor on its proud flight tires.

## CLXXIII.

These draw ev'n from the depths of their own minds  
Their strong support—their cheer, their recompense;  
Unshaken by Life's varying tides and winds,  
And fired by one pure blameless hope intense—  
And by a never-sleeping, fervent sense  
Of solemn Duty, they shape their bright course  
Through Fate's involving shadows deep and dense,  
Not theirs the ills that spring from Guilt's stained  
source,  
Nor theirs pale Discontent—nor stinging sharp Remorse.

## CLXXIV.

To exalt—to benefit—to improve Mankind—  
To magnify their Maker's name divine,  
They live alone, each pettier hope resigned,  
That generous purpose they will not resign  
Though they may baffled and discouraged pine—  
With saint-like patience strengthened, they arise  
At last to see the Star celestial shine,  
The sweet Star of Success before their eyes—  
Which pours o'er all the Earth, the brightness of the  
skies.

## CLXXV.

Such those have been who have toiled through the  
steep ways  
Of hard and difficult Science self-sustained—  
And dedicated all their studious days  
To deep and lone research, those who have refrained  
From self-indulgence and at once disdained  
The low and little pleasures of the Earth,  
And all the petty miseries that have pained  
Their feelings—human still; their 's is a worth  
That sheds a lustre pure, o'er all of human birth.

## CLXXVI.

They suffered—yes ! they suffered, for Life hath  
No fortunate clime exempt from pain and woe,  
Sharp briars and thorns o'errun its fairest path,  
And none may 'scape dark Sorrow's rule below—  
But their high hearts could proud and tameless glow  
With dreams beyond Ambition's haughtiest dreams—  
And heavenly fountains soothed them with their flow,  
And cloudless Suns illumed them with their beams—  
To which their thoughts lent yet, more bright and  
glorious gleams !

## CLXXVII.

Such noble minds for Truth unwearied seek—  
And for that truth's divine and honoured sake,  
Bear scorn and wrong full oft, with sufferance meek,  
And many a scoff from the distrustful take—  
For slow must be the progress that they make—  
Long must they plod and slave ere they arrive  
At their deep object—and ere they can shake  
Dull Error's mantle from Men's minds and give  
Clear proofs of what they vouch—long, long 't is theirs  
to strive.

## CLXXVIII.

They take a great Truth in its infant state,  
And with a nursing Theory they surround—  
As though you would place a Palm of the earliest date  
Within a crystal Urn's transparent bound—  
But—lo! it springs, thrives, sprouts, spreads, nor  
is found

Place in the vessel to its nurture given—  
At length with stateliest strength and vigour crown'd,  
Behold! the while it upwards shoots towards Heaven,  
That frail shell it bursts through—split—shattered—  
shivered—riven!

## CLXXIX.

Even so it happens oft i' the World of Thought,  
When after zealous toil and pains profound—  
To imprison some grand Truth—when thus they have wrought  
And planned and raised a skeleton structure round,  
Their glorious Charge expanding, scorns its bound,  
Opening out—branch by branch,—before their eyes!  
While fall their laboured Systems to the ground—  
Their speculative schemes!—how doth it rise,  
Shrouding its sovereign head, in the all o'ershadowing skies!

## CLXXX.

'They must take up the fractured fragments, then—  
And to their noble work unchecked, return,  
They must commence their labours o'er again,  
Those fragments yet may in some mightier urn  
Be brought to use, then shall they humbly learn,  
While the heightening, strengthening, widening,  
wakening Truth  
Appears to escape from them, that they must spurn  
Their own beginnings faulty and uncouth,  
Nor seek the Giant growth, to swathe as in its Youth.

## CLXXXI.

Their own beginnings?—oft, too oft alas!  
Those who first pierced the gloom and led the way  
Have passed away from Earth whence all must pass  
Ere the orient dawning of the auspicious Day—  
Which saw success, supreme success, repay  
The efforts of the diligent—ah! not theirs,  
Who the first effort made—the first essay,  
Who cheered alone by Hope's inspiring airs,  
Stern difficulties dared—and plunged midst deepening  
cares.

## CLXXXII.

How different from those thoughtful Sages meek,  
The Candidates for Worldly good and gain !  
Though all as strenuously they toil—and seek  
To satisfy their thirst—to shine—or reign,  
Though dreams as full and complex crowd their brain,  
And fiercer agitation rock their days—  
How narrow seem their views, their hopes how vain,  
How miserably the prize the toil repays,  
The gew-gaws of vain state—the Conqueror's blood-  
dyed bays.

## CLXXXIII.

On stern atchievement wreaked they their proud minds,  
And stern atchievement hath raised these to fame,  
And while Ambition's cloud Man's judgment blinds,  
Thousands will risk Life, Peace, Heaven for a name ;  
Throughout all ages it hath been the same—  
Still when not made atrocious by Excess,  
'T is a right noble passion !—and a flame,  
Which Man is not all called on to suppress—  
But in how few 't is seen, due Temperance to possess !



## CLXXXIV.

Build not your hopes of Happiness upon  
The ruins of another's broken hope,  
'T is worse than folly—when the prize is won,  
Soon to the heavy truth your eyes shall ope—  
How shall ye then, 'mid self-reproaches droop,  
For Conscience shall assail ye with a sting  
That finds the Soul's quick vitals, why then stoop  
To ignoble Selfishness? rise, rise and wring  
The accursed drop from the heart—shed from some  
deadly spring.

## CLXXXV.

From your too fond embrace should straight be wrenched  
That dangerous Idol—Self!—perchance ye deem  
That in that marble Selfishness entrenched  
You're safe from common griefs,—mistaken dream!  
The Egotist's breast shall ever darkly teem  
With countless shapes of fear, and doubt, and ill,—  
Each slight and small mischance to him shall seem  
A dire misfortune—while with gloomy skill  
He builds on lightest grounds, his faint forebodings still.



## CLXXXVI.

Who would be happy must make others so,  
Or nobly work to that praiseworthy end—  
Must soothe the Sufferer's pangs, the Wretch's woe,  
And of the Friendless prove the unchanging friend ;  
Then, then nor time nor fate from him shall rend  
The sweet calm sense of self-approval meek,  
Which shall with every hallowed feeling blend,  
And shed o'er every path—though rough and bleak,  
A glow more pure than e'er—laughed o'er Aurora's cheek.

## CLXXXVII.

That Kindliness of feeling it shall prove  
Betwixt his heart, and light and common woes  
A wall of Adamant—the Spirit of Love—  
A guardian Seraph dwells in the hearts of those  
Whose breast with blameless, pure Affection glows,  
The thought of Self not ever uppermost  
Reigns in their souls—and so they find repose—  
Not on the waves of cold Suspense still tost—  
But where shall these be found, on bleak Life's sterile  
coast?

## CLXXXVIII.

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## CLXXXIX.

Professions and pretensions—these things seem

The staple of the World's impoverished mart—

And all indeed a vapour and a dream—

'T were well to dwell from its thronged scenes apart.

Vain, vain it is to coin the very heart,

To gain what 's oftener gained by chance or fraud

While we are left to disappointment's smart!

Let us those wiser, nobler Spirits laud,

That are not by this World, deceived, or pleased, or awed!

## CXC.

You shall see oft its fairest favours thrust

On him, who careless and unheeding, shews  
No wish to obtain them—oft, oft on the unjust,  
The time-servers, the extortioners, and on those  
Who ne'er their own vile characters disclose,  
And still distrust all others evermore—

As though their fellows must be found their foes—  
With jealous hatred deep in their heart's core—  
How oft on these the World, doth its just favours pour!

## CXCI.

We are—we act—we fancy that we bear,  
While Life's great Engine works with ceaseless stir,  
In the loud general business our own share,  
And start to rash Excitement's sudden spur,  
And spin our shred and stem while we incur  
Shipwreck by such vain daring—Fate's strong wave,  
While Peace for which we all our prayers prefer  
Perchance would come—did we not rail and rave  
Still 'gainst our doom—Joy—Joy?—*that dwells beyond*  
the grave.

## CXCII.

All think that others must be happier far,  
Less tempted and less tried and less opprest  
Than they themselves in their condition are—  
They know the secrets of their own dark breast!  
Could they as clearly read those of the rest  
They might judge differently—it matters not!  
Each is of Earth the temporary guest—  
Soon shall his little troubles be forgot,  
When the great Leveller comes, to fix his final Lot.

## CXCIII.

Oh! be ye sure that each his part doth bear,  
Of the great yoke of Universal Pain!  
Howe'er to us the surface may appear,  
Could we the bosom probe to ascertain  
The truth and the whole truth, we should refrain  
From querulous murmurs, and from captious plaints—  
How many that strive the smiles of Joy to feign,  
Know how the heart beneath its anguish faints,  
While wretchedness is theirs—Expression's skill ne'er  
paints.

## CXCIV.

All wear the links of the long galling chain—

Those who from Pomp and Pleasure seek vain aids,  
And haply those who from Life's busy train

Apart, dwell calm in Home's sequestered shades,  
If no specific ill their peace invades,

Perchance too well aware are they how brief

That hollow peace may prove—how quickly fades  
Each flower of Joy—each hue of Love, and chief,

How soon from Life's book torn, shall be their finished  
leaf.

## CXCV.

Surely it is the heaviest grief of all,

To feel i' the midst of every dear delight—

How soon the dull, deep universal pall—

Shall hide our close clasped treasures from our sight,

Lost in the bottomless abyss of night ;

To know the heart's own living tendrils round

Sweet shapes ephemeral—fragile as they are bright—

Are with a desperate vain persistence wound,

To feel our towers of trust soon, soon must strew the  
ground.

## CXCVI.

Perchance the wretch who nothing hath to fear

Since he hath nought to lose, whose restless glance  
Seeks still some prospect to console or cheer,

To whom like dearest friends seem Change and  
Chance,

Who dwells for ever in a shadowy trance  
Of aimless hope, may almost be more blest

Than those who shuddering see, too swift advance  
The ruthless Tyrant at whose dire behest,  
Of their rich treasured stores, they must be dispossessed.

## CXCVII.

And is the difference then so deep and wide

Between the happy and the wretched here?

No ! while on this frail Earth we must abide,

While we are Sojourners of this dim sphere—

Closely allied must be the smile and tear,—

While Time and Death maintain their iron sway,

And dark Uncertainty, and doubt and fear—

Make all their trembling vassals—Say, oh ! say—

Can there much difference be—indeed, 'twixt clay and  
clay ?

## CXCVIII.

If for a moment o'er the woe-worn mind  
A ray of joy with blinding brightness play,  
How vivid—Oh! how exquisite, how refined,  
That welcome, rare, and overpowering ray!—  
It sheds the radiance of etherial day  
Throughout the whole Existence, every thought  
And feeling own the sweet despotic sway  
Of rapture then, the bosom's depths are fraught  
With full ecstatic dreams, exuberant and o'erwrought.

## CXCIX.

Ah! when I loved thee deeply—but in vain,  
If through the heavy darkness round me spread,  
One gleam of hope shot kindling to my brain,  
How seemed I then, on Air and Light to tread,  
From hard reality—too dull and dead,  
Snatched in a moment to the purple Land  
Of laughing Visions—and all gently led  
Through paths of Gladness, by an unseen hand,  
How did I feel my Soul, soar, quicken and expand.

## CC.

Now that calm reason and monotonous years,  
Have ta'en away the point and edge of pain,  
And dried the o'erflowing source of passionate tears,  
Such moments come no more ! though I would fain  
Coin even my very vitals to regain—  
Those dear-bought dreams—at times !—So bright,  
So glorious were they, without one dull stain  
Of Earth to lessen their supreme delight,  
Like those fair shadowless Worlds, that only shine at  
night.

## CCI.

Yes ! willingly at times would I endure  
Mine own most costly wretchedness once more !—  
That lent me joys thus perfect and thus pure—  
Could I but dream as I have dreamt before,  
Could I but feel to the heart's quivering core  
That flash of rapturous Ecstasy, that did mock  
All common happiness—that lightened o'er  
Mine inmost being—riving the dull rock  
Of a chilled deadened heart, with its electric shock.



## CCII.

Nature hath dowered some beings 't is most plain,  
With finer capabilities of joy,  
With keener sensibilities of pain,  
But say, oh ! ye who your deep thoughts employ  
On human study—pleasure or annoy  
Shall this yield to them ? Since alas ! below  
Too soon falls broken every gilded toy  
Of hope from our vain hold ; but pain and woe—  
These pass not from us thus—these, these depart not so.

## CCIII.

Their inclinations may be stronger too—  
Through chequered life to evil—and to good,  
But where temptations evermore pursue  
Their toiling steps, hard, hard to be withstood,  
Oft this must fatal prove, for still they're wooed  
Unto the broad and smooth and smiling way,  
And when unguarded in light heedless mood,  
May be in hapless moments led astray,  
And plunged in dark remorse—whose debt *they* trebly  
pay.

## CCIV.

But when these *do* succeed in their most hard  
And painful struggle, shall they not secure  
A more exalted and sublime reward,  
Than those who less resist and less endure,  
Who have not found so many things to allure,  
So many things to combat—in the years  
Of mortal life—whose trials have been fewer,  
And fewer too whose triumphs? Yea! their tears  
Shall all be wiped away—and soothed their trembling  
fears.

## CCV.

Might I but claim to be 'mongst those enrolled,  
But no! such claims I must perforce resign,  
Though cast like them in quick and passionate mould,  
Alas! no such high merit may be mine.  
I can but offer to the throne Divine  
My penitence—mine infirmities—my tears—  
My once-bright hopes in their faint dim decline ;  
The ruins and the shadows of wrecked years,  
All that my Soul desires, and all my crushed heart bears.

## CCVI.

If sufferings—heavy sufferings—sharp and deep—  
In this poor mortal state—this Earthly sphere  
Endured—might ever claim and sweetly reap  
A blest reward on high, then, then though here,  
I weep, *hereafter*—without doubt or fear,  
I might expect, to enjoy !—that dreariest pain  
Must ever now be mine, to which no tear  
Can bring relief, the thought that ne'er again  
Long withered hopes can bloom—in woe-worn heart or  
brain.

## CCVII.

Linger awhile, dear thoughts of bygone joys,  
And then subside and sink for evermore,  
For too much memory of the Past destroys  
The Present ! I must wend on to the shore  
Of my repose unmurmuring !—nor deplore  
With impious grief, that some sweet boons bestowed  
In mercy on me may be mine no more ;  
Still midst the ills that crowd along my road,  
Some few faint Joys remain, to lighten Care's dull load.

## CCVIII.

Still as we on our pilgrimage must go,  
 'Twere better were our eyes reverted not,  
 Why should we wish to chain our quick hearts so  
 To what is past and perished of our lot—  
 The Present's cloud-veiled sun glows not too hot—  
 Why should we seek to tame it down, and lean  
 Ever to what is lost—until forgot  
 What *is* appears, at last, in what *hath been*,  
 And sevenfold Shadows cross, Life's alway shadowy scene !

## CCIX.

Oh, Happiness, too lovely and too vain,  
 We doat on thee—not knowing thee—and grind  
 Our hearts to dust in thy name—and all pain  
 Endure, all danger dare, if thou behind  
 Appearest to shine !—as one who stands to find  
 Glory in Nature's Aspect and bright glow  
 Near some clear crystal pane,—while all resign'd  
 To view,—not grasp is safe, is blest,—(not so  
 If he stretch forth his hands, to snatch and seize—that  
 show !)

## CCX.

Even thus, those dreamers, who content with dreams,  
Seek not—oh ! Phantom-Deity adored,  
Oh ! Happiness ! thou end of countless Schemes,  
To strain thee close—enriched with their bright hoard  
Of glowing fancies, that have sweetly soared  
Beyond this nether World ; even thus may they  
Escape, from Disappointment's arrows stored  
In Fate's dark quivers, for the heavy day  
When those who fondly hope, shall find hope melt away.

## CCXI.

When those who fondly hope and keenly seek,  
Shall painfully and uselessly repent—  
Those dreamers still as from some cloud-capped peak,  
Shall look down on Delight and be content !  
Not on a vain pursuit, persistent bent,—  
Not urged and hurried on a troublous quest,  
They lightly on the unstable reed have leant !  
Perchance beyond the Worldling's dreams, ev'n blest,  
Is the quick heart that thrills, deep in the Enthusiast's  
breast.

## CCXII.

Of all the wretches on this changeful Earth  
I pity most those Sons of chance and doom,  
The dull Materialists !—who in the dearth  
Of all exalted feelings—and i' the gloom  
Of their own darkened minds, mid all the bloom  
And brightness which at times is showered around  
Their steps, build up into one massive tomb,  
The great Creation's vastness—blind and bound,  
Emulous of the worm—aspiring to the ground !

## CCXIII.

Those who all bright ennobling hopes resign,  
Who nail their soul down to its clog of clay—  
Who turn from Revelations, bless'd, divine,—  
Enamoured of corruption and decay !  
Who spurn each guiding light, each gracious stay—  
And their unheavenly God perversely make  
Harsh, tyrannous, blind Necessity—oh ! say—  
Shall they not yet too fearfully awake,  
To see their Soulless God's, material Temple shake !

## CCXIV.

If Accidents are burthened with our fates—  
And no presiding Power doth rule our doom,  
Then mad indeed is he who aggravates  
The measure of his ill by thoughtful gloom;  
No! from the Cradle to the Yawning Tomb,  
Which by no Accident we ere escape,  
Let us but weave bright threads in our poor loom,  
And revel in the course we may not shape,  
Man's Gods should then be all, the Poppy and the Grape.

## CCXV.

If ye *must* round Existence with a dream,  
Oh! take a nobler course—a prouder flight—  
Let brighter visions on your rapt Souls beam,  
Nor pile the shadows of Eternal Night  
Around ye!—are ye then in your own sight  
The slaves of arbitrary Elements—  
But names and hollow words are Wrong and Right?  
Are Truth and Falsehood then but accidents—  
Do Destiny—Life,—Worlds—All—hang on chance-  
brought Events?

## CCXVI.

Are Heaven and Earth and all the arch wonders dread  
And deep, spread forth through broad, unbounded space,  
But Accidents?—cold, aimless, void and dead—  
And dare ye say so, in their glorious face?  
Oh! when we stoop high feelings so to erase  
From our immortal souls, we then become  
Our own vile Miscreators—weak and base—  
The aspiring Spirits Heaven gave us, we entomb  
I' the nethermost pit profound, of deep and hopeless  
gloom.

## CCXVII.

Are our own Judgments Accidents? and forced  
Upon our Minds against our own consent—  
Those thoughts we dreamed had with the wild Winds  
coursed  
On their triumphant way—but Accident?—  
All Chance and blind Necessity?—repent  
Ye Dreamers, cold, and dull and vain, and seek  
Your errors to repair—for ye are bent  
Beneath a tyrannous yoke in sooth, and weak  
To bear it seem—would ye, retrace your footsteps, speak?



## CCXVIII.

How in a thousand ways doth man contrive  
To abase his Nature, and to enthrall his fate,  
Himself of noblest prospects to deprive—  
To embrute his feelings and to o'ercloud his state,  
Ungladdened by the soaring hopes and great  
Which Heaven permitteth him to indulge—alas !—  
That we in our own proud cause should abate  
All zealous ardour, satisfied to amass  
Earth's dross and nurse Earth's dreams—while all things  
round us pass.

## CCXIX.

Delusion on delusion ! for we view  
Our towers of trust incontinently fall,  
Only to seek to upraise them and renew—  
And deem the fault was utterly and all  
In the light superstructure—so the thrall  
Of a false hope we bear, nor deign to own  
The true, real failing—nor consent to call  
The weak foundations wrong—again o'erthrown  
And oft again shall be, those towers, till all lie prone !

## CCXX.

Perchance at length we may confess too late,  
Foundation—superstructure—scite and plan—  
Materials—mould and model, wrong—and date  
Our sufferings from the time when we began  
With boastful Independence, which frail Man  
Doth well to avoid—to take our own proud path—  
With dreams presumptuous, Hope's quick fires to fan,  
To build those Citadels of reeds and lath—  
While round us then shall frown, the impending storms  
of wrath.

## CCXXI.

Then may we heavily lament and groan  
O'er our poor schemes of policy and pride,  
Our dreams, our hopes and our illusions flown—  
A dreary desert spread on every side !—  
Then shall sad memories wound the soul—allied  
With sharp regrets and self-reproaches deep—  
For many a selfish act we then shall chide  
Ourselves full harshly—and dejected weep  
O'er our own evil deeds—nor shall roused Conscience  
sleep.

## CCXXII.

'T were well to learn that lesson, best of all  
The holy lesson to forgive, and think  
How *we* forgiveness need ! how *we* should call  
For pardon much and oft—but we do wink  
At our own faults !—not only on the brink  
Of ruin do we stand for Sins more bold  
'Gainst Heaven, and more immediate, but should  
drink  
Repentance' bitter waters, and enfold  
Ourselves in sackcloth too—for sins 'gainst Man untold.

## CCXXIII.

Yet we conceive that we can be alone  
Oppressed and wronged, and injured and aggrieved,  
And full of maudlin self-compassion, groan  
To think we are or abandoned, or bereaved !  
And—where we placed our foolish trust, deceived—  
For how dare we midst creatures weak and frail,  
Seek out perfection—as though we believed  
The exclusive right was ours to fall and fail—  
Fallible to be found—and wanting in the scale !

## CCXXIV.

We punish more ourselves too, much, much more,  
By nursing that most hideous Passion's brood—  
Black, foul Revenge,—within our bosom's core,  
Spite—rancour—bitterness,—than the spilt blood  
Of our loathed enemies could harm them ! Good  
For Evil to return ! law worthiest Heaven !  
May that be practised, honoured, understood.  
Let each forgive as all would be forgiven,  
And multiply and bless, the old seventy times seven !

## CCXXV.

Then shall we happier be, and cast a load  
From off our souls ! Oh ! bright and matchless rule—  
Seventy times seven, let us well bestowed  
Our pardons freely give—then shall the fool  
Learn wisdom from Example's easy school,  
The Avenger stay his arm and waive his aim—  
Catching the bless'd infection, and a tool  
May we become of Providence to shame  
The bad to better deeds, the inhuman heart to tame.

## CCXXVI.

How few do this!—how often do we strive  
Rather than to cool down our senseless ire  
By every studious means, to keep alive  
The burning coals of discord—nor desire  
That these should sink and languish and expire ;  
We magnify each petty slight offence  
To injuries and aggressions deep and dire,  
And draw a sickly pleasure even from thence,  
Fostering in our warped minds—of wrong an o'erwrought  
sense.

## CCXXVII.

Upon our mortal journey evermore,  
As we all stumbling, staggering, shuffling wend,  
Even though Conviction smite us to the core  
Still, still we seek our conduct to defend—  
In lieu of labouring to improve and mend,  
Still the same worthless objects we pursue,  
And on the same wrong aims unchanging tend—  
Nor strive to exalt, nor clear our mental View—  
To adopt a nobler course—pure, upright, virtuous, true.

## CCXXVIII.

And still we twist and trim—and forge and feign,  
Till dizzied, vexed, perplexed, there comes the hour  
When we would willingly retrace—in vain  
Our steps—alas! 't is not then in our power  
So long to skim or plod, and skulk or scour  
Along vile crooked ways 't was ours, we turn  
To these instinctively—and crouch and cower  
Along—and vainly, vainly may we yearn  
Another track to attempt—and Art's base lore to unlearn!

## CCXXIX.

Life—full of errors and mistakes thou art,  
And cold Experience comes too late—too late  
To shield the suffering soul and arm the heart!  
Only to mock our griefs and aggravate  
Thou comest methinks, pale posthumous child of Fate.  
Ah! wherefore come at all if still in vain,  
Officious and perverse? thou that dost wait  
To shed thy tardy gleams through breast and brain,  
Like corpse-lights o'er the Dead, o'er days and deeds  
i' the wane.

## CCXXX.

What art thou Life ? with all thy mystic things,  
Thine idols, treasures, pageants, spells, delights—  
Thy clouds and rainbows—and thy rocks and springs,  
Thy soft Elysian breezes and stern blights ?  
What art thou ? with thy smile that still invites—  
Beguiles us still to meet the withering check  
Of thy cold frown's repulse—when the soul bites  
The bitter dust of its own clay ! a wreck,  
A ruin, and *thy* skies lend, not one faint luminous speck !

## CCXXXI.

At times I have felt as though Life's slackened strings  
Were all unwound, while its clogged wheels stood  
still,—  
While folded were swift Thought's careering wings,  
It was not with, nor yet against my will,  
But there I stood resigned,—nor good nor ill,  
Nor chance nor change affected me—a pause  
Came o'er Existence—nor did ache nor thrill  
This restless Soul that hovered in the jaws  
Of cold Obstruction then—nor sought the effect's veiled  
cause !

## CCXXXII.

Besides the common sorrows that we share,  
Mysterious, shadowy griefs the Soul oppress,  
We may not sift them, nor dissect them there—  
Nor of their birth nor origin can guess—  
Veiled in the secret bosom's sealed recess,  
But we become against our will their prey,  
And bend us to a dreamy, vain Distress—  
Still plodding on, our dull and beaten way—  
And bearing the cold cares, and griefs of every day.

## CCXXXIII.

But if mysterious sorrows we endure—  
Profound unearthly raptures thrill us too—  
Etherial—fervent—beatific—pure—  
For ever welcome and for ever new,  
And both proclaim the Soul is journeying through  
An alien Country—a far foreign Land—  
Where endless ills and miseries must pursue—  
While still the glorious Traveller's oft-times fanned  
By mighty Airs from Home—now keen,—now heavenly  
bland.



## CCXXXIV.

Yea ! verily we are mystically made—

How many a link and vein, and tint and tone—

How many a delicate trace and transient shade

Of thought and feeling do we wondering own,

Whose ends and sources are alike unknown;

Not to this World seem they to appertain,

Like precious seeds within our deep Souls sown,

Subject awhile to dull Corruption's stain,—

Till in Existence new—Mind bursts its wintry chain.

## CCXXXV.

Ere broken to the World's monotonous yoke,

What petty things can shake us and surprise,

A light touch then can like a thunderstroke

Come down upon the Soul—which vainly tries

To keep its own proud flight—around it rise

A thousand threatening forms—too sensitive

Neglect, Unkindness wound it, till faint dies

Its passionate hope, beneath the shocks they give,

And that once lost, no more 'gainst pitiless Fate 't will  
strive !

## CCXXXVI.

Fatal Discouragement ! none, none may know

What noble faculties thou hast sunk and crushed ;  
The minds most rarely finely strung below,  
O'er which Heaven's brightest colours loveliest  
blush'd,

Have felt thee haply deepest—they that rushed  
All fire, all feeling, onward to the goal !—

Chatterton ! Bird of Paradise !—how gushed  
Thy heart's blood forth ! Oh ! Amaranth of the Soul,  
Rare Star of Life ! when thou receivedst its bitter dole.

## CCXXXVII.

And thou too, Keats ! whose quick and glowing mind  
Wrapt itself in a shroud of lucid words,  
Who left the grosser, colder Earth behind,

And with seraphic touch thrilled tenderest chords—  
How did Discouragement of thy bright hoards  
Of fancy thee defraud—and to the core

Of thine Existence strike—since most it lords  
O'er such as thee—who gaze and who adore,—  
Who well know how to admire—a bright but fatal lore.

## CCXXXVIII.

He—from whose lips most precious words distilled,  
Which fragrance, light, love, music sweetly shed—  
He led the heart and spirit as he willed,  
And with ambrosia every thought he fed—  
Even from the chilly Empire of the Dead,  
His themes come full of life and heat and power,  
Those words like fabled Love's own arrows sped,  
Thrill through our Souls and o'er them softly shower  
A heavenly light of bliss—through many a raptured hour!

## CCXXXIX.

A thousand blessings he to those hath left,  
Whose cold curse checked his being's mighty springs,  
While of each rich expectancy bereft,  
He sunk to the earth despite his glorious wings  
Which should have raised him far o'er ground-born  
things!  
A thousand blessings he hath left to those  
Who wrought his wretchedness, hark! hark! he sings,  
He charms away our sufferings and our woes—  
With Life—alone with Life—were *his* ordained to close.

## CCXL.

And thus the gifts which Nature made his own  
Enrich *us*, but impoverished *him* indeed—  
By them was he betrayed, by them undone,  
Through them his bosom was constrained to bleed—  
Through them his fall was compassed, 't was decreed  
That his sweet lyre should be his flower-wreathed rack,  
His magic sceptre prove a faithless reed,  
His golden weapons on himself flung back,  
Should crush him down to the Earth—while all grew  
chill and black.

## CCXLI.

How many that sorrow o'er thy hapless fate,  
That feel themselves, sweet Bard ! those fires divine,  
Whose minds are charged with a refulgent freight  
Of sun-bright, Heaven-born phantasies—shall twine  
Their Hopes with *other* states of being—thine  
Remembering in their wreck and in their blight—  
Nor seek in life's vain narrow lists to shine,  
Veiling their treasures from the scorner's sight,  
And soothing their checked souls, by many a far, stolen  
flight.

## CCXLII.

Ah me! methinks that many on this dull Earth  
The highest of the high—it well may be,  
Are hidden to the charnel from the birth  
Haply in a profound Humility;  
Haply because their Nature fine and free,  
Yet quick and warm, and meekly soft and deep,  
Keeps them, midst Earth's uproarious grief and glee  
From apposite demonstration—so they reap  
Silently Peace' sweet Fruits, till they in silence sleep.

## CCXLIII.

Who would be this World's favourites must consent  
To have no will, no feelings of their own,  
But to *its* will, to be conformed and bent—  
To hang upon its chariot wheels—be blown  
By its vile breath to any shape, then shown  
Belike as the object of its sport! its smile  
Must be their vitals' vitals, and its frown  
Their doom, their terror, their perdition, while  
Even at its bidding they, must curb their minds and file.

## CCXLIV.

'True, some have made its honours all their own,  
The while those honours they even seemed to slight—  
Born as 't were on their Earth-o'ergazing Throne—  
Receiving its deep homage as their right,  
But they had not to climb the difficult height  
Of steep Ambition, step by step—and hold  
By every vile weed—in their dubious plight  
That fringed their path, half-bedded in the mould—  
Lest that their foot should fail—and they sink, down-  
wards rolled.

## CCXLV.

Yet hath it truly been so? we hear now  
Eternal honour coupled with their name,  
But while they deigned not to accede—nor bow  
To this World's arrogant dictates, nor could tame  
Their Spirits to its level—wrong and blame  
Pursued them—be ye sure; ere bright Success  
And haply posthumous and tardy Fame  
Gave them to Glory!—How dost thou suppress  
Oh World! the expanding Soul—and make its triumphs  
less.

## CCXLVI.

Ivy oft wraps the tree which it hath killed  
With falsest semblance, and like that same tree,  
Or Oak or Elm appear<sup>s</sup>—too subtly skilled  
To weave itself round every branch and be  
Its mimic—parasite,—and as we see  
Its traitorous murderer too, but thus afar  
The eye deceived, may well deem fair and free,  
Rises the original tree, which stripp'd and bare  
Might envy the scathed trunk—Seamed with Heaven's  
thunder scar !

## CCXLVII.

Its own proud foliage 't is constrained to doff—  
And o'er its own dire ruin smile and shine ;  
To crush and drain its strength was not enough,  
In vilest mockery must that Ivy twine  
Around its Victim—in its faint decline  
To treachery adding insult, and cold scorn,  
To harsh oppression !—Say, could you divine,  
The Forest's lofty child was thus forlorn,  
Gazing on its veiled frame?—of strength, life, beauty, shorn?

## CCXLVIII.

Could you behold the branches so despoiled,  
Those funeral-garlands could you but displace  
That closely round in serpent-folds are coiled  
With fell luxuriance and with deadly grace,  
Then should you mournfully and clearly trace  
The havoc and the devastation wrought  
By that false foe within whose death-embrace—  
Within whose toils inextricably caught,  
Piecemeal to perish slow, the unhappy tree is taught.

## CCXLIX.

Doth not the world with all its Arts do so,  
Withering Existence to the very roots—  
Deceiving by a vain factitious show—  
Hindering the natural growth of healthful shoots  
And blossomy promise fair—while it pollutes  
And ruins its poor Victim—and yet more  
Loading each blasted bough with Dead-Sea fruits—  
(Bloom at the face, corruption at the core)—  
Of Vanity, vile, weak, and worthless evermore.



## CCL.

To unlock another's secret soul would be  
For us a priceless lesson—for we look  
Too superficially on all we see,  
Nor ope the deepest pages of the book !  
Not only could we bare by powerful stroke  
Of magic the true depths of mighty hearts,  
But could we search each close and curtained nook  
Of humblest breasts, 't would teach us more than arts  
Or sciences can teach—to act more rational parts !

## CCLI.

'T would shew us how vile littlenesses creep  
O'er pure and generous feelings, and 't would shew  
How the overboiling passion-fountains steep  
The mind in trouble and in gloom below ;  
Oh ! we should see how much of bitterest woe  
Man brings upon himself !—yet though ne'er shewn  
With all their secrets and strange mysteries, so  
Can others breasts be—one, one may be known  
Which we neglect to unmask—and scorn to sound—our  
Own !

## TO THE SEA.

---

MUSIC is living in thy breast—in thy deep and awful  
breast,

Oh ! thou astounding Sea and dread—in thy restlessness  
and rest—

Now 't is a murmur—now a roar—now a murmur and a  
roar,

While heaves and quakes and thrills and groans the ever-  
echoing shore ;

What harmony in every change is found, proud Main !  
in thee,

What music hangs on thy deep lips—oh ! sounding—  
sounding Sea !

Splendour is on thy glorious face ! thou most transcendent Main !

Whether the Sun there doubly lives,—or shines Night's starry train—

'T is now a sparkle—now a blaze—now a blaze and sparkle too—

Till thou look'st all made of golden fire—yet tinged with the sapphire's blue—

What splendours still are found in thee, with every change to agree—

What glory and what sovereignty—oh ! Royal, Royal Sea !

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### EPITAPH.

Lie lightly, Earth ! on the most blameless breast

That ever was consigned to Thee—and Rest.

Lie lightly on the dear unconscious dust

Which to thy chill embraces we entrust,

For though we know the Soul that once could warm

The poor decaying and forsaken form

Yet lives—and ever shall remain the same,

Still Feeling lingers round the once-loved Frame !

## EPITAPH.

Unboastful Goodness—unaffected Worth  
 Lie hid beneath this little mound of Earth.  
 Stranger! one moment pause upon thy way,  
 If these can claim thy sympathy, or stay—  
 Yet no—'t is false—this lowly stone beneath  
 Lie nought but ashes, dust, decay, and death,  
 That Worth—that Goodness—which can never die,  
 Dwell with their Great Creator in the Sky!

---

 EPITAPH.

If on this unadorned memorial-stone  
 But half her goodness who from us is flown  
 Could be with truth and vivid force expressed—  
 Since truth were here the brightest praise and best,  
 'Twould make thee, pious stranger, fondly grieve  
 O'er such bless'd Virtues doomed this Earth to leave—  
 And yet 't would gladden thee to think how high  
 These must promote her in yon glorious sky.

## EPITAPH.

## 1

In ripened age and ripened Virtues too,  
We saw thee sink into thine honoured grave,  
While our dimmed eyes were filled with tearful dew  
Because we might not succour thee nor save.

## 2

Thou ever good, and kind, and pure and true!—  
Yet better—purer—Ah! and happier now—  
Forgive that we thy grave with cypress strew,  
While Angels crown with deathless palms thy brow!

## SONNET.

I.  

---

Perchance we all in something strive to excel—

How oft in miserable vanities !

Yet still to reach the goal, to snatch the prize

Our Souls are bent—and we for ever dwell

(Constrained as 't were by some dim mystic spell,)

In artificial atmosphere—we rise

To build our tottering Babels to the skies—

Which one breath can demolish—can dispel—

And as we see them shaken, bowed, and crushed,

We groan in anguish—yet with deeper will,

Rush to our fate—as we before had rushed,

And court the consequence of deeper Ill!—

Oh ! that our throbbing hearts could but be hushed,

Or that we thus might strive our duties to fulfil !

## SONG.

Gentlest Deluder ! Hope ! false as fair,  
Leave me, ah ! leave me to sorrow and care,—  
Gentlest Destroyer, spread, spread thy light wings,  
I dread thy soft touch more than Grief's sharpest stings.

Oh ! I have known thee—have known thee too well,  
More than these tears, or this wan cheek can tell ;  
Bright is thy smile—but 't is fatal as fair,  
False, false and fatal—spare me—oh ! spare !

Fly from me !—fly from me ! swiftly and soon,  
Fly—for I ask not thy dear, dangerous boon ;  
Well would I deem it couldst thou and I part,  
Though frozen should thus be this fond fervent heart.

Gentlest Deluder !—Hope ! false as fair,  
Leave me, haste ! leave me, to gloom, or despair !  
Gentlest Destroyer ! I bid thee—away  
Many will hail thee—One—*one* dreads thy sway !

## SONNET.

II.

---

Upon thy hills oh Spain, War's beacon gleams,  
Battle's shrill Clarion startles thy soft air—  
Spears glance and banners float! the sight is fair,  
The sound is noble, by thy rolling streams—  
And brings to mind a thousand glorious dreams,  
But say, doth murder—heinous murder there  
Her blood-stained arm with barbarous triumph bare?  
What mean those groans, those yells, those echoing  
screams?  
Alas! the Brave, the Gallant, and the Bold,  
Must they escaping the honourable death  
Upon the well-fought field—slow, slow and cold,  
Have judgment dealt on them?—the laurel wreath  
Shall wither on their brows, who thus have tolled  
High Chivalrous Feeling's knell, on Battle's sanguined  
heath!



## SONNET.

## III.

---

Ye that now wake th' old echoes that do dwell  
 Deep 'mid Spain's ancient Hills—with clang and shout  
 And all War's terrible sounds, what ye are about  
 Have ye bethought ye solemnly and well?  
 Beware—lest Discord's torch, the fierce and fell,  
 Once kindled, scarce should for long years burn out!—  
 And the Land shake beneath War's din and rout,  
 As she were governed by some fatal spell—  
 Through the unborn times ! Aye ! lest ye should transmit  
 Unto your Children's Children for an age  
 (While that dire torch is fostered—fanned, relit)  
 A stern and most unhappy Heritage  
 Of feuds and of division—in the pit  
 Of fierce Contention fall'n—deep—deep—say, are ye  
 sage?

## SONNET.

## IV.



Turn, turn to Spain—oh England ! turn to her—  
 List to her cry of anguish and distress—  
 Oh ! haste her griefs, her miseries to redress.  
 Maddened she is with the dire din and stir,  
 The rage and wrath of War—there be who spur  
 Her energies 'gainst herself—while she doth press  
 On towards black Ruin's brink ! till none may guess  
 What doom remains for her !—no more defer—  
 The arm of pitiless Murder there arrest—  
 The fierce flagitious slaughterings there forbid—  
 The heroic chivalrous Land !—how heaves her breast  
 With sorrow—let the unnatural foes be chid,  
 Foul butchering their brave captives ! be suppressed  
 The Infernal strife—oh, Heaven ! for one hour of the  
 Cid !

## SONNET.

## V.

Spain ! Spain ! for one brave Spirit like the Cid,  
 What gallant Armies at his call should wake—  
 Towards Fame and Freedom the true path to take !  
 He who 'mongst all the Heroic deeds he did,  
 His Country's echoing hills and plains amid—  
 Abhorred Dissension, for Dissension's sake ;  
 Who, if his *Foes* even sought, embroiled, to slake  
 Their fiery thirst in kindred blood—straight chid  
 The unrighteous War with voice and puissant hand ! \*  
 And harmony and peace 'mongst those restored !  
 Oh ! how would he,—or such as he, withstand  
 These hideous conflicts, and with hallowed sword  
 Beat down the infuriate—and thrice-desperate brand  
 Turned 'gainst a brother's breast—at one rash, factious  
 word !

\* Le Cid surtout, le fameux Cid \* \* \* \* , faisant triompher les Chrétiens, combattant même pour les Maures quand les Maures se déchiraient entre eux, et portant toujours la Victoire dans le parti qu'il daignait choisir, &c. &c.

## SONNET.

VI.  

---

Spaniards ! ere your brave sires arose to thrust  
 Th' old Moors from their bright shores, who o'er them  
     swayed  
 With a magnificent tyranny—ere brayed  
 Their trumpet's loud defiance—ere the rust  
 Fell from their idle swords, and the icy crust  
     Of Slavery from their souls—checked—wronged—  
     betrayed,  
 Less need was there of championship and aid  
 Than now—worse this suspicion—this distrust—  
 These black home-hatreds—this disunion drear—  
     While in each breast harsh grudging spites lie hid—  
 No mutual cause to aid, consecrate—and cheer—  
     Oh ! if the armed Stranger stalked your fields amid—  
 The Hostilities a nobler front should wear—  
     The Cause—the Cause might then unshroud your  
     buried Cid !

## SONNET.

VII.

---

Spain—the romantic, chivalrous, renown'd,  
What dread and desperate doings now disgrace  
Thy name!—haste, haste from thence the stain to efface  
In this foul strife, lo ! how are ties unbound,  
While friend 'gainst friend battling in wrath is found,  
While brother holds his brother in embrace  
Of hate and death, and armed sons in their place  
Rise up 'gainst their grey sires,—such miseries wound  
The Land, where Civil War's atrocious torch  
Glares with its baleful horrors !—stained with gore  
The peasant's threshold-stone is, and wreathed porch,  
And kinsmen's heart-blood blackens all his floor,  
And how doth Battle's tri-forked lightning scorch  
Thy plains which late such smiling beauty wore !

## SONNET.

I.  

---

TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

NOVEMBER, 1834.

Thine is a glorious and a righteous aim,  
 Great Patriot!—and may certain good ensue.  
 Firm, loyal, brave, and temperate and true—  
 Thou favourite Son of Fortune and of Fame—  
 Honours crowd thick upon thy soaring name,  
 That name which Victory through her loud trump blew  
 What time on War's red field thy banner flew,  
 Foremost and highest, like a rushing flame !  
 But now that name a Nation's grateful heart  
 Doth consecrate in reverence, speechless—still !  
 While thy mind's lightnings through the darkness dart  
 Of these vexed times—the trouble and the ill,  
 The cloud, the fear, the heaviness shall depart,  
 And thine the praise shall be, strong, strong in swerveless  
 will !

## SONNET.

## II.

---

 TO THE SAME.

1834.

Oh thou ! now called to that momentous post,  
 Where England's helm 's committed to thy hand,  
 Gird thee to do thy Duty by the Land !  
 Restore the Peace, Fame, Honour she hath lost,  
 Heed not the cry of Faction's evil host,  
 Their vile flagitious threats with scorn withstand,  
 Make her once more the Glorious and the Grand—  
 Earth's happiest Sanctuary and proudest Boast !  
 On her own true, real, lasting Good intent,  
 Brunt thou the hate of her base ambushed foes,  
 Serve her, and save her 'gainst her own consent !  
 Deliver her from dark and desperate woes,  
 Heal, heal her wounds—oh ! bind each yawning rent  
 And bid the opening chasm of fierce Destruction close.

## SONNET.

## III.

---

 TO THE SAME.

1834.

High is thy calling as thy conduct high !  
 Oh thou ! for aye and evermore renowned—  
 Thy forehead all with wreaths of Victory bound  
 Spreads its own light along our shadowed sky—  
 Proud name of Patriot !—fires that must not die,  
 A zeal, a strength, a trust too seldom found,  
 A loftiness that cannot touch the ground,  
 A bright and never-slackening Energy—  
 These, these must nobly constitute his claim  
 Who would aspire with clear Ambition just  
 To thee, oh ! happy, high and holy name !  
 And *who* doth all things base and little thrust  
 Away—and toil with so sublime an aim  
 As thou—best Bulwark of an Empire's trust !



## SONNET.

## IV.

---

 TO THE SAME.

1834.

I' the breach thou stand'st in daring high and proud,  
 Mark of all Arrows—with their treacherous aim,  
 Thou—that hast done such deeds as gild thy name  
     Beyond all increase!—but the unworthy crowd  
     Too oft forget their debts, and clamour loud  
 Their loose condemnings—their light, reckless blame—  
 Thou!—that hast done deeds that had given to Fame  
     An hundred thousand names! thou hast not allowed  
 That plea unto thyself to turn away  
     From difficulties which but seem the more  
 To fan the fires—that never should decay,  
     In thy high breast of virtuous zeal—i' the core  
 Of thy heart's strength! and still from day to day  
     To urge thee more to oppose, those waves that know  
     no shore !

## SONNET.

## V.

---

 TO THE SAME.

1834.

Great Leader ! thou who, as the wide world knows,  
 Preserved our England in the troublous Past—

(What time rang loud the Red Destroyer's blast)—

From threatening, hating, fierce and fiery foes,

And gave her unto Peace and bright repose,

While before thee, those foes cowered down aghast,

Complete thy task, the glorious and the vast—

Though heavier, and more complex still it grows !

She tottereth—Oh ! prevent her from the fall—

Strengthen—uphold her, fix her firm and fast.

To thee we turn—on thee, on thee we call :

Thou that deliveredst her from scathe and waste—

Render the noblest service now of all—

Save her—Oh ! save her from Herself at last !

## SONNET.

## VI.

---

 TO THE SAME.

1834.

How shall we honour thee enough—Oh ! thou  
 On whom Fame hath no new Wreaths to bestow—  
 Who hath reaped such thick thick laurels, that below  
     No leaf remains for thee to cull—whose brow  
     Is blazoned by a deathless palmy bough,  
 And crowned with Victory's crown—and yet not so  
 Art thou Content ! but with a Patriot's glow  
     Of bright and fervid zeal, dost thou avow  
 Thyself the foremost in the ranks of those  
     Who labour for their Country's Weal, her true  
 And generous Liegeman !—that doth scorn repose  
     With loftiest discontent, while to toil through  
 Steep Action's paths, can one bright hope disclose  
     Of good, which may to others thence accrue !

## SONNET.

## VII.

TO THE SAME.

1834.

Now be thine Aim—Attainment ! and thy Will  
 Accomplishment !—for those—those base  
 Those wretched traitors, who would seek to efface  
 The high memory of thy deeds, which ought to thrill  
 Through every bosom—let them utter still  
 Their venom'd words—Since 'tis in their own face  
 They shall recoil !—And not the slightest trace  
 Cling to thy starry name ; Oh, thou ! whose skill,  
 Whose towering Genius rescued them, and all  
 Of England's Children, from the threatened doom—  
 The oppressor's scourge and brand, and badge and thrall—  
 Can these thy Glory—or thy Good o'ercome ?  
 No ! let them go ! 'tis pity from the fall  
 Thy hand prevented them—who are made for Slavery's  
 gloom !

## SONNET.

## VIII.

---

TO THE SAME.

1834.

Now may the Chariot of thy lofty Fate  
Roll upon Fortune's proudest wheels—and now  
May a far nobler laurel crest thy brow  
Than Victory's.—Hour of thrice auspicious date,  
That sees thee placed in steerage of the State !  
Let Faction veil her pride—let Treason bow,  
Let Discontent her petty drifts avow ;  
Now let our Land exult and be elate,  
Thou—thou whose mention seems like Victory's cry  
The Nation's helm hath ta'en—though to resign,  
Still much may be atchieved while these hours fly  
On their deep-freighted pinions—now doth shine  
Hope's heavenly crescent through our brightening sky—  
Joy for *one hour* of such a Mind as *thine* !

## SONNET.

## IX.

---

 TO THE SAME.

1834.

Now gird thee to a loftier Occupation far  
 Than is the Earth-shaking Warrior's ! though he be  
 A thunder-bearing Conqueror even like thee !  
 For in the heart of this Land's peace is War,  
 More deadly than the ensanguined field's ! thy car,  
 Thy scytheless car, oh ! mount, and through the free  
 Pathways of Action proud—and o'er the sea  
 Of dread Events—that winged throne steer, though star  
 Nor compass may afford thee aid—and low  
 Beneath thy feet the embryo Mischiefs cast—  
 And to our gladdened eyes triumphant show  
 What Human Nature may be made when fast  
 It clings through tumult, and distress, and woe,  
 To Virtue's anchor 'midst the billowy waste.

## SONNET.

## X.

TO THE SAME.

1834.

First, Noblest of this world's crowned men of Might !  
 Who hath spared more blood than Asia's Conqueror  
 spilt—  
 Chief—Statesman—Counsellor—Patriot—what thou  
 wilt—  
 For all of Good and Great thou towerest in sight  
 Of the Earth's thronged millions ! can the envenomed  
 spite  
 Of grovelling Caitiffs, urge them to the guilt  
 Of loading *thee*, whose stainless Fame is built  
 On sure foundations—Champion of the Right !  
 With their abhorred black calumnies—the while  
 Thou labourest but to serve, and bless and aid  
 Thy foul Detractors—but can these defile—  
 These dim that Fame ?—No ! *could* they—well repaid  
 Wert thou by Heavenly Justice' guerdoning smile  
 That will not fail thee—and that cannot fade !

## SONNET.

## XI.

TO THE SAME.

1834.

Confusion seize upon their Counsels—those—  
 That would confusion to thy Counsels bring !  
 Let Faction turn upon herself her Sting,  
 And their own toils environ thy fierce foes.  
 Shall this be the Beginning or the Close ?  
 Shall Justice, Truth, Faith, Honour, Virtue, spring  
 Once more to life—or shall black Discord wring  
 The Land to agony—and bar repose ?  
 Perish the Lovers of Contentious strife !  
 That would destroy these Realms of prosperous Pride ;  
 Who—knowing their own worthlessness—their life  
 Devote to making worthless all beside !—  
 They shall not stab with an Assassin's knife  
 Our Country to the heart, while thou'rt her Guard and  
 Guide.



## SONNET.

## XII.

---

 TO THE SAME.

1834.

Should we forget thy deeds of Glory ?—No !

We should not, must not, cannot so forget—

Foul Shame 't were, ere the living Sun hath set !—

But some remembering still what they do owe,

The worst of Ingrates—basely seek to o'erthrow

Their Glorious Benefactor !—Yet, oh !—yet

Some, some there are, who nobly chafe and fret

Beneath their load of Obligations, though

They dream not, hope not to discharge the whole

Of that most infinite, and onerous Debt !

Still evermore o'erflow their lips and Soul

With deep acknowledgments—to him who met

For them, War's horrent front—who made his Goal

Their England's Ark of Peace—unchecked by frown  
or threat !

## SONNET.

## XIII.

TO THE SAME.

1834.

Wisdom's clear eye, to observe and to apprehend,  
 And loftiest Courage to confront and dare—  
 Judgment to plan and execute with care—  
 And Patriotism its holiest fires to lend—  
 Are thine, Great Chief! and thine it is to rend  
 Self from thy thoughts—nor even to wish to share  
 The brilliant honours which the field may bear—  
 The field of Action!—England's truest friend  
 As thou hast been her best safeguard—Lo! thy name  
 Is as a Tower of Strength and of Defence—  
 Fortune smiles, linked to thine Auspicious Fame!—  
 Thy Presence—Power seems, and Pre-eminence—  
 Thy very Life—a bright additional claim  
*This* Land hath on the Grace of Heaven's just Provi-  
 dence!

## SONNET.

## XIV.

TO THE SAME.

1834.

A heavy charge it is ! a charge whose weight  
 Might crush a lesser mind into the dust —  
 A heavy charge it shall be and it must  
 In these momentous hours of gloomiest date.  
 Oh ! thou who nor dejected nor elate,  
 Steeled with sublime resolve, the place of trust  
 Fill'st for a while—thou Sage and Brave and Just,  
 Thou Good—and how magnanimously Great !  
 Who dictated by thine own generous heart,  
 No thought of self through these strong hours could'st  
 own—  
 Guardian—Deliverer—as thou wert and art—  
 Why on such troublous times hast *thou* been thrown,  
 Except to shew how proud and bright a part  
 Man, feeble Man may act—whom Virtue prompts—  
 alone !

## SONNET.

## XV.

TO THE SAME.

1834.

Now, Curtius-like, thou hast leapt—calm, fearless, lone  
 Into the Gulph, and that dread Gulph shall close,  
 But not on *thee*—the troubles and the woes  
 Surely shall find their end!—Thou that hast won  
 The orb'd Crowns of burning Victory—whose star shone  
 High in the Ascendant—above his who chose  
 This Realm or that, and straightway did depose  
 Their rightful Lords and seized <sup>them</sup> ~~it~~ for his own.  
 Oh! thou the Greatest of Earth's Warrior Lords,  
 Thou, thou hast leapt into that Gulph of Gloom!—  
 And hark! the wind seems charged with prophet-words—  
 “Ye shall be saved from the dark threatened doom!”  
 Let the Envious, the Ingrate sheathe their tongue's  
 sharp swords—  
 May Concord now her sweet Sway re-assume!

## SONNET.

## XVI.

TO THE SAME.

1834.

Out upon black Ingratitude !—most true,  
It cannot harm thee—cannot rob thy name  
Of one bright ray of Glory, or of Fame ;  
No ! those who strive to o'erthrow, and to undo,  
Those who for thee, in their foul malice brew  
Their deadly potions, they shall rue the same,  
In vain remorse and keenly stinging shame,  
Bitterly and most miserably shall rue !  
And thou uninjured shalt in pride of place,  
Continue glorious as thou wert before ;  
Nay ! with bright Indignation we shall trace  
And grave thy Glories on our hearts the more !  
Out upon man's Ingratitude !—the base,  
The accursed sin—Oh ! shun it and abhor !

## SONNET.



These are portentous days ! deep, awful days,  
 And men must gird their Souls to do and dare,  
 And meekly breathe to Heaven the imploring prayer,  
 For aid and for defence. Dread thorny ways  
 Have we to tread—and many a wildering maze  
 To thread and pierce—but hence ! avaunt—Despair,  
 Avaunt ignoble Fear—and sordid Care.  
 Now let the good, the wise, shun all delays,  
 Prepared for Sufferance—or Resistance ! Why,  
 Clouds dark as ~~those~~ have lowered round—let them go !  
 Those good, those just, those brave—can they deny  
 Their lofty natures—and turn, cowards—no !  
 Free, bold, and true—their trust is in the Sky,  
 And if it comes they will endure their woe.

## SONNET.

Hands strong and pure—hands mighty or to launch  
 The thunder-bolt, or with a gentler art  
 To bind the Land's now almost broken heart,  
 The Land's long bleeding yawning wounds to staunch,  
 These are required! Oh! that the Olive-branch  
 May wave around her brows, that now may start  
 In lovely Resurrection—even as dart  
 Stars from night's heavens—with silvery sheen to blanch  
 The Shadowy Arch—Hope, Concord, Peace, and Faith!  
 May she, who subjugated Realms of old,  
 Then lead them—breathing Peace,<sup>2</sup> celestial breath!  
 By her example—so the master-mould  
 Of Nature's hand shall she remain! yet saith—  
 Winged Hope, *more* bright, *more* bright, shall we her  
 face behold!

## CHAPTER I

THE first thing I saw when I awoke in the morning

was a bright light coming from the window.

I sat up and looked at the clock on the wall.

It was ten o'clock. I had slept for eight hours.

I got up and went to the bathroom.

I washed my face and brushed my teeth.

I then went to the kitchen and made breakfast.

I ate my breakfast and then went to work.

I worked for eight hours and then came home.

I took a shower and then went to bed.

I slept for eight hours and then woke up.

I was feeling tired but happy.

I went to the store and bought some food.

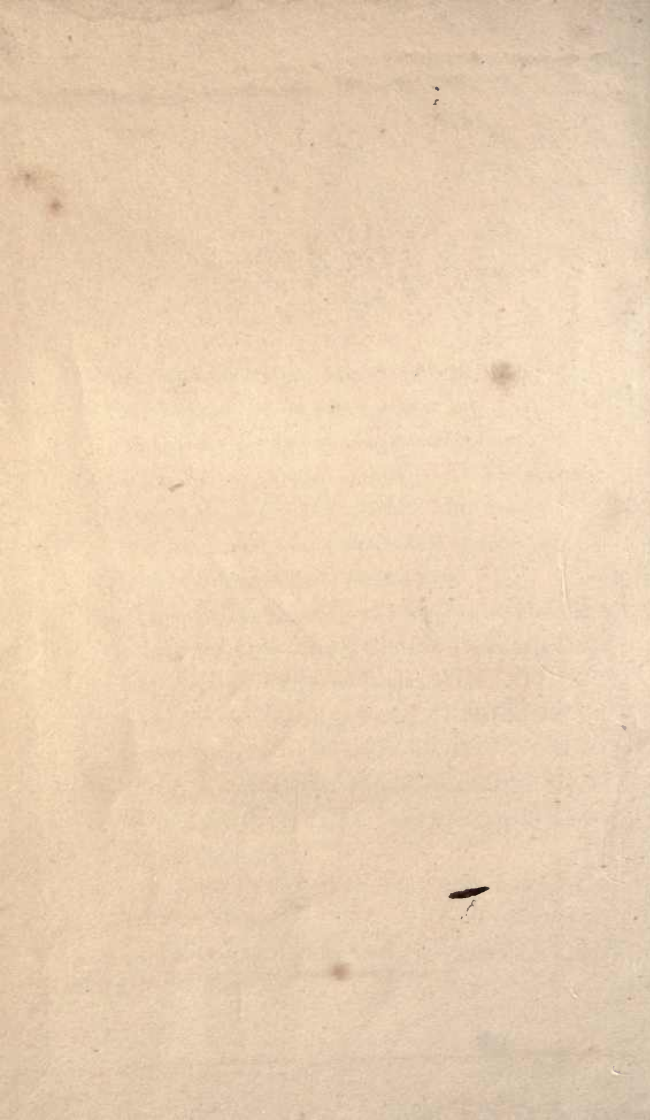
I then went home and cooked dinner.

I ate my dinner and then went to bed.

I slept for eight hours and then woke up.

I was feeling better than ever.





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